

THE LIVING AGE.

SEVENTH SERIES
VOLUME XXIX.

No. 3207—Dec. 23, 1905.

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Vol. CCXLVII.

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PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE LIVING AGE COMPANY,

6 BEACON STREET, BOSTON.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

For SIX DOLLARS remitted directly to the Publishers, THE LIVING AGE will be punctually forwarded for a year, *free of postage*, to any part of the U. S. or Canada.

Postage to *foreign countries* in U. P. U. is 3 cents per copy or \$1.56 per annum.

Remittances should be made by bank draft or check, or by post-office or express money order, if possible. If neither of these can be procured, the money should be sent in a registered letter. All postmasters are obliged to register letters when requested to do so. Drafts, checks, express, and money orders should be made payable to the order of THE LIVING AGE CO.

Single copies of THE LIVING AGE, 15 cents.

YOU AND I.

When first we wandered, you and I,
Oh! you and I, o'er fell and field,
There seemed a contest—Earth and
sky,
Which should the greater glory yield?

Earth showed so fair, her thousand
things

Of beauty born, of loveliest hue:
While little clouds, like angel-wings,
Came flitting o'er the boundless blue.

Then, as we gazed, the Picture moved
Toward us; and the perfect grew
To yet more perfect; and it loved,
The Picture loved us, me and you.

Now all is altered: faded, dim,
The carmine tints are turned to gray;
While winter, like a gaoler grim,
With iron hand shuts in the day.

Yet still we wander, you and I,
With spirits free, not winter-bound;
To us the sun is still on high,
And garlands blossom underground.

Earth is but sleeping: all is there.
Her fruit, her flowers, in long array;
Her robe of state, and jewels rare,
To wait her coronation-day.

For suns may rise, and suns may set,
And summer-leaves lie tempest-
strown;
But you and I can ne'er forget
The glories we have loved and known.

A. G. B.

The Spectator.

AFTERSIGHT.

I at Love's footstool lie—
I cannot sing for thinking of Love
slain—
Love that in bitter pain
Cried; and I gave no heed unto the cry.

So fair lies Love, and still—
One would not dream that he had come
from fight.
And yet, through bitterest night
He wrestled,—and alone,—to work his
will.

One pale star gleams above;
So shone Love's eyes upon me through
their tears.

Ah! in eternal years
How shall I bear to meet the eyes of
Love?

The Outlook.

Ethel Ashton.

ODE AFTER RONSARD.

Come let us see the rose, my sweet,
That clad in purple robe did greet
The morning's sun, all newly blown:
Whether, this eve, she still doth wear
That purple-pleated robe and fair
Complexion as thine own!

Alas, alas! a few brief hours,
My sweet, and on the sod she showers,
Ah me! her petals far and wide!
Nature, thou cruel stepdame, may
So sweet a blossom but one day
From morn to eve abide?

Then, dearest, if my song be truth,
Gather the blossoms of thy youth!
Ah! pluck, ah! pluck the fleeting hours
While green the sap and red the blood!
For sure at last shall Age corrode
Thy beauty, as this flower's.

A. E. J. Rawlinson.

The Academy.

RECONCILIATION.

Where o'er smooth floors of violet seas
Long wedges of black duikers fly;
Where on the mountain's mighty knees
The mists of the Antarctic lie;

Or where beside the furrow'd stream
The vines their purple harvest bear;
Where through green vales white
gables gleam—
Meerlust, Dauphine, Morgen Ster;

Or where upon the wide Karoo
The lonely shepherd, far withdrawn,
Beholds—monotonously new—
The rose of sunset and of dawn.

'Tis all one land; one people we—
If not completely reconciled,
If we must quarrel, let it be
But "as a lover or a child."

GERMANY AND WAR SCARES IN ENGLAND.

Intra muros peccatur et extra.

L

Englishmen and Germans have never crossed swords in hostile array on the battlefield. They have stood shoulder to shoulder, as allies, in resisting with arms in hand the overweening ambition of Louis the Fourteenth, the "Roi Soleil," and of that modern scourge of mankind Napoleon the First. Sprung from the same stock, having similar aims of culture, Germans and Englishmen can do a great deal, in peaceful rivalry, for the spread of general civilization. Nothing is, therefore, more to be deplored than the systematic stirring up of jealousy, hatred, and downright enmity between two kindred races which yet may, some day, have to meet a common danger.

For the present, no doubt, the vaulting ambition of an autocratic northern Power has fortunately overleapt itself in the Far East. But historically it is a well-known fact that whenever foiled in the West, Russia, after a short time, has turned towards the East; and when finding, for the nonce, great obstacles there, has once more made a push towards the West and the North. This dangerous seesaw policy, which has brought about the annexation and oppression of the most multifarious races—among them many of a higher development than her own—may yet be repeated, if the present internal movement in Russia does not achieve a thorough success. As it is, the struggle between the two forces is still raging, undecided, in the fiercest manner possible.

In spite of the most harassing financial straits, the Russian Government has already decreed the employment of 20,000,000l. for the rebuilding of the lost fleet. Before the war with Japan,

that fleet was numerically superior to that of Germany. So was, and still is, the French fleet. Now, geographically, Germany is wedged in between France and Russia. France, for more than four hundred years, has never ceased to attack her eastern neighbor and to tear pieces of territory from him, often basing her aggression upon German internal dissensions. Of Russia it is well known that, in spite of outward friendliness between monarchs, her military and bureaucratic oligarchy looks with an evil eye upon anything like real German unity and power. Hence Moltke thought that his nation had to be prepared for the possibility of "a war with two fronts." That attack, if it came, would, of course, be made from the land side as well as from the sea—in the Baltic and in the German Ocean.

Does it not stand to reason that a country so placed is in need of a proper protection of its coasts? What Englishman would, under similar circumstances, object to such a measure for his own country?—more especially so if the threatening Powers east and west of it were positively in alliance with each other. Richard Cobden, the most decided opponent of large military armaments, once said that, if it were necessary for the security of England, he would not hesitate to grant a navy budget of 100,000,000l.

Germany has developed a considerable industry and oversea trade, and has acquired a few colonies. That, too, makes for the necessity of naval protection. It is often rightly said that England, in case of a great war, must keep her communications at sea open, lest she should be starved out in food.

The same holds good for Germany, who has to look to the inlet near Hamburg for free conveyance of provisions from abroad. For all that, the German fleet is still not only at a vast distance from the enormously superior English navy, but even far behind that of France, whilst Russia is intent upon rapidly rebuilding her own. Yet, though France is the nearer neighbor to England, and though numerous wars have been fought between her and this country, nobody here has ever thought of calling upon France to stop her yearly increasing naval armaments.

Let it not be forgotten that the appeal for the creation of a German fleet has not originated with the present Emperor, but that it dates back to more than sixty years ago, to the time when the great national upheaval for the establishment of German freedom and union was nearing its revolutionary outbreak. We all then were agitating for the creation of a navy. Our poets, Herwegh, Freiligrath, and others of the Liberal and Democratic party, enthusiastically sang for that cause. They even looked upon it as an additional means of freeing the nation from the shackles of its petty princely tyrannies by widening its political horizon.

Das Meer wird uns vom Herzen spülen

*Den letzten Rost der Tyrannie,
Sein Hauch die Ketten wehn entzwei
Und unsre Wunden kühlen.*

Das Meer, das Meer macht frei!

*Kühn, wie der Adler kommt geflogen,
Nimmt der Gedanke dort den Lauf;
Kühn blickt der Mann zum Mann
hinauf,*

Den Rücken ungebogen.

*Und in den Furchen, die Columb
gezogen,*

Geht Deutschlands Zukunft auf.

So Herwegh. And Freiligrath, in not less passionate words, saw with his mind's eye, in 1844—four years before

the great German Revolution—the national colors (black, red, gold), which then were treated as a symbol of high treason by our despotic princes, waving from the masts of a coming German fleet. His vision came true when the nation burst its shackles. The National Parliament of 1848-49 decreed the formation of a navy; and black-red-gold actually waved from the masts of the few vessels got together amidst the storms of the popular upheaval.

But what happened when a German merchant vessel came to this country with that national flag? The mob tore it down and trampled it in the mire. And Lord Palmerston made a satirical inquiry from the English Consul at Bremen as to what "pirate flag" that banner was!

When the German movement for freedom and unity was drowned in blood by reactionary monarchs, they, to their lasting disgrace, brought the few vessels under the hammer. Only many years afterwards, under urgent circumstances, a faint attempt of forming a fleet was renewed in Prussia, until, under the present Emperor, greater advance was made. It was not, and it is not done even now, without much legislative difficulty—so little does the nation think of making the navy a means of offence; least of all, against England, whose political liberties were often enough, in former times, held up by German Liberal Constitutionalists as an example to be followed. Did not Schiller already say, in his "Invincible Fleet," when celebrating the triumph of England, the happy possessor of the Magna Charta, over the Armada of bigoted Spanish tyranny:

*Hast du nicht selbst, von stolzen
Königen gezwungen,*

*Der Reichsgesetze weisestes erdacht?
Das grosse Blatt, das deine Könige zu
Bürgern,*

Zu Fürsten deine Bürger macht?

To-day, Germans gifted with any statesmanlike foresight, and otherwise out-and-out opponents of the *Regis voluntas suprema lex* doctrine, must see that the men of 1848-49 had wisely anticipated what is being done now—even as the German Parliament of those days, which assumed sovereign power for itself, and which in 1849 was dispersed by force of arms, had, after all, to be reconstituted in 1871, though unfortunately with much-restricted privileges. Aye, I do not hesitate to assert that if a Republic were established in the Fatherland, its naval policy would still have to remain the same.

II.

Having lived in this country—which has become my second home—for the greater part of my life, I may be allowed to say that if there were any intention on the part of the German Government to attack England, I would be the first to denounce such a scheme. The German people itself would rise against the mad attempt. But there is no such intention, no such desire. Everybody in Germany laughs at the false alarm.

At the same time, the nation will not permit itself being dictated to from any Power abroad as to the measures it may, or may not, take for its own security on land or at sea. Nor will it listen to the suggestions, so often framed in more or less offensive language, concerning the conditions of peace it had to insist on, in 1871, after a life-and-death struggle with a Power from which Germany had suffered so often, and so deeply, for centuries past. Nothing contributes more to an estrangement between Germans and Englishmen than the incessant repetition of such importunate hints, coming from a country which holds under its sway the sixth part of the inhabitable globe, in all parts of the world.

It need scarcely be added that the repetition of suggestions about the retrocession of Alsace-Lorraine has all the worse irritating effect since the establishment of the "cordial understanding" between England and France. It looks like a hidden threat of a future war. For my part, I, with the vast majority of our countrymen, sincerely wish for friendly relations between Germany and France. And I know that among the younger French generation, and among the best and most thoughtful Republicans, the idea of revenge has gradually been losing ground. That idea is cultivated now mainly by those who wish to overturn the Republic in the Royalist, or Imperialist, and Clerical interest. True French Democrats know that any war with Germany, whether successful, or—what is by far more likely—unsuccessful for France, would either saddle her Commonwealth with a military Dictator, who soon would ripen into an Imperator; or bring about, through defeat, the overthrow of the existing free institutions by way of revenge upon what would then be held to be Republican inefficiency. Such an issue would be deplored by German Liberals and Democrats; for they look upon the continuance of the neighboring Republic as a useful instrument for progress in their own country.

Let me add—strange as it may appear to many—that the very fact of French military ambition having had its outlook on the Rhine barred, since 1871, by an iron wall, has been a blessing in disguise to the Republic itself. Its citizens have thus been induced to devote their energies to the internal development of the Commonwealth against the repeated contrary attempts of the Boulangers and the Delcassés. In this way the very Treaty of 1871 has turned out a benefit to the Republic. Into its reconstitution Bonapartist France had only been beaten by de-

feats on the battlefield; and its final establishment was decreed in the National Assembly by a majority of but one!

For those in this country who often purposely, or unwittingly, make bad blood in Germany by trying to revive the out-dying spirit of "revenge" and "revindication" in France with their talk about Alsace and Metz—of old, parts of the German Empire—it may not be amiss to bring to recollection an important historical fact. It is, that France under Royal, Republican, and Imperial Governments had for more than four hundred years made aggressive wars upon Germany, and exerted herself to loosen, or to dissolve, the bonds of the national unity of that neighboring country. All means to that end seemed good enough. Whilst remaining herself attached to the Church of the Roman Arch-priest, and having her nocturnal St. Bartholomew massacres and "dragonnades" at home, Royalist France egged on Protestants against Catholics beyond her frontier for the purpose of mutual destruction. In the same way, Catholic France encouraged the so-called "infidel" Turks to wars against the German Empire, so that she herself might have things all the more easy in her conquering designs towards the Rhine.

When revolutionary France arose in the name of the noble principles of Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity, one of the early declarations of her Assembly was to this effect, that "each State within the German Empire was a separate national body" (*"un Corps de Nation séparé"*), and that, consequently, no assent of that Empire was required for annexing such a separate body to another country—namely, to France. In accordance with that doctrine, the territorial "enclaves" in Alsace, which still belonged to Germany even after the annexations accomplished by fraud and force under Louis

the Fourteenth, were by a simple stroke of the pen declared to be French. It was the moderate Girondists who carried that astounding measure. The Jacobins, wishing to deal before all with internal affairs, at first resisted it. When the violent act of seizure had been completed, France declared war against a single German State; craftily trying, in this way, to keep the remainder of the German nation from common defence.

The establishment of a "Rhenish Republic" was at first alleged by France to be her sole aim. No sooner, however, had she thus got a footing on the Lower Rhine than that Republic was annexed by her. The Rhine had for centuries been asserted by her writers to be the "natural frontier," though by race and by speech, as well as by old historical connection, Alsace had belonged to the German nation, and the Vosges mountains formed the real natural frontier; a boundary being always better constituted by dividing mountain ranges than by water, which is an easy means of communication.

Under Louis the Fourteenth the so-called "*pré carré*," the square formation of France, was said to be her true and legitimate object. The Alps, the Pyrenees, the Atlantic, and the Rhine were to be her boundaries. But when the arms of Louis the Fourteenth had become victorious, he pushed his frontier even beyond the Rhine; and then the new theory was proclaimed that "the plain of the right bank of the Rhine was strategically necessary for France."

Under Napoleon the First, the territory of the French Empire was extended not only to the Rhine from its upper to its lower course, but as far as Lübeck, on the Baltic. At the same time he established vassal States of his Empire, like the Kingdom of Westphalia, and a Grand-duchy composed of Frankfurt and neighboring German

territories. To cap the whole, he formed the "Rhenish League," which he gradually extended to Mecklenburg, on the Baltic, and to Saxony, on the Russian frontier.

Napoleon being overthrown, there was a good chance for Germany recovering the possession of Alsace with its kindred population and its strategical importance for future defence, in case of a renewed French aggression. It was Russian and English diplomacy which prevented that restitution. The Duke of Wellington was a chief agent in the opposition to German claims.

Can we wonder, then, that the French hankering after the whole Rhine frontier should have been expressed during the whole time of the Bourbon Restoration, as well as under Louis Philippe? There were secret negotiations between the Tuilleries and the Czar, at the time of Charles the Tenth, for the object of gaining the Rhine frontier for France, and—be it well marked—Constantinople for Russia.¹ The Paris Revolution of July, 1830, stopped that intrigue. Yet, under the "Citizen King," Bonapartists, as well as moderate Republicans of the school of the "National" and of the Democratic party of Barbés, never ceased clamoring for the Rhine frontier. Often members of all these incongruous parties were found combined in the same conspiracies against Louis Philippe, because he dared not venture upon a war for that conquering design.

In 1840, when M. Thiers, the Orleanist statesman, was at the head of affairs, there was suddenly an imminent danger of such a war. A Syrian question, in far-off Asia Minor, was to offer the pretext for making a hostile movement upon the Rhine. In presence of the explosive force of public opinion in Germany—as signified by Nikolaus Becker's well-known *Rhine*

¹See Louis Blanc's "History of Ten Years."

Song—that French movement collapsed. But it was destined, sooner or later, to come up again. So it did immediately after the advent of Louis Bonaparte to power—even as early as 1849.

In that year M. de Tocqueville, that academic political philosopher, whose real character seems to be little known, actually accused German Democrats of "opposing that tendency of the French people to extend itself to the Rhine" (*cette tendance du peuple français à s'étendre vers le Rhin*). On that ground he literally defended the arrest and imprisonment, contrary to the law of nations, of the diplomatic envoy of a German democratic Government, which the writer of this present article happened to be in June, 1849. In a posthumous work of Tocqueville's, *Personal Reminiscences*—written for his friends and published only a few years ago, against his original wish—it came out, moreover, that he, the alleged Republican, had secretly been in constant relations with the Royalists and the Ultramontanes, and had even been in favor of a re-election of Louis Bonaparte after his first term of presidential office.

I forego entering into what happened previously to the declaration of war by France in 1870, though I could say much on that, too, from personal experience. Even among distinguished exiled Frenchmen, intimate friends of mine, whose Republican cause I defended in public, I had privately often cause to reprove their aggressive inclinations. Be it enough to say that, after the war of 1870-71, a man like the apparently mild Academician and once Foreign Minister of the Republic, Barthélemy Saint Hilaire, avowed to me, in a prolonged correspondence, that he, too, claimed the Alps, the Pyrenees, the Atlantic, and the Rhine as the correct frontiers of France. In vain did I point out to him that this meant the incorporation of the greater

part of Switzerland, all the German lands on the left bank of the Rhine, all Belgium, and a slice of Holland.

Victor Hugo, also, had after the German civil war of 1866—which ended in the ejection of our Austrian provinces—already claimed a “territorial indemnification” for France on account of the “aggrandizement of Prussia.” At the outbreak of the war of 1870—which, again, in accordance with an old would-be subtle policy was declared by Napoleon the Third, not against Germany, but against the King of Prussia—a son of Victor Hugo wrote in his paper that the Prussians will be sent back across the Rhine “*avec un coup de pied dans le derrière.*” Years after the “Terrible Year” the poet himself still asserted that, “before there can be a Golden Age of everlasting peace, there must be a last war which will bring Mainz, Trier, Koblenz, Köln, and Aachen into French possession.”

I would not have gone into these significant facts were it not that there are writers in this country who never cease busying themselves, even under the garb of friendship, with preaching the retrocession of Metz, or who write up anonymously the exploded doctrine of the “natural frontier” of the Rhine. The effect upon the relations between Germany and England is a deplorable one.

III.

In the face of the historical survey I have rapidly given above, it will easily be understood what a feeling was created in Germany in 1870 by the unfriendly, nay, in some instances, openly hostile attitude of a considerable number of men in England, both among the Conservative and among a section of the Radical party, which latter followed a Positivist leader of the school of Auguste Comte. It was a sad sight, in those days, when at a meeting held at night on Trafalgar

Square the demand was formulated for sending out 40,000 English troops in aid of France. Amidst the lurid light of torches the seething mass then rushed into the very enclosure and into the arched passages of the Parliament Houses, where this demand was repeated with wild outcries. I was personally present in both cases, and nearly came into dangerous bodily conflict with some ruffianly fellows who recognized me as a German. With a degree of deep sadness I thought of the inconceivable folly of men who egged the crowd on to a policy which, if adopted, would have sealed the fate of those 40,000 English troops in a trice.

Need I say what an impression such occurrences made in Germany, whose Press is always fully informed on foreign affairs?

When Alsace and a small part of Lorraine were reunited to Germany—which, for the future possibility of a renewed attack on the part of France, would mean the saving of perhaps 100,000 troops to the German army—many voices in England were raised against that provision of the Treaty of Frankfurt. Then Germans all the more bitterly remembered what had happened after the overthrow of Napoleon the First, through the influence of the Duke of Wellington, to whose aid Blücher had come on the field of Waterloo.

They remembered, too, the scene in the House of Commons during the Schleswig-Holstein war of 1863-64, when the news of an alleged Danish victory at sea evoked a stormy outbreak of jubilation. Yet the legislatures of Schleswig and Holstein had, for many years before 1848, often protested against the harshness of foreign dominion. In 1848 the German population of those Duchies raised an army of its own for the purpose of recovering its ancient constitutional rights,

and its representatives had sat in the National German Assembly at Frankfurt in 1848-49. It was by the treachery of King Frederick William the Fourth of Prussia and other unworthy German princes that Schleswig-Holstein was once more surrendered to Denmark.

Again, in the 'sixties, the Diets of those Duchies resumed their protests against the oppressive foreign rule. Two chief leaders of the Schleswig Parliament, Hansen and Thomsen-Oldensworth, wishing to lay their grievances before the English Government, but fearing to do so under their own names, lest they should be arrested under a charge of high treason, sent memoranda to that effect, in secret, to London, where I had to transmit them to Lord John Russell, the then Foreign Secretary, and to vouch for their genuineness. Upon this Russell addressed remonstrances to the Government at Copenhagen, warning it of coming danger if it did not alter its ways.

But when, in 1863, the storm broke loose, and the people of the Duchies, supported by the whole German nation, demanded their rights both on national and even dynastic grounds, the English Cabinet actually approached Louis Napoleon for the purpose of an attack upon Germany. It was Mr. Gladstone who, having been in favor of that plan, himself revealed this fact years afterwards in one of his essays. The French Emperor, however, nettled by a previous refusal of the English Government to make common cause with him during the Polish insurrection of 1863, declined the proposal of fighting in the interest of Denmark in common with England. This, I am sure, saved this country from another terrible risk; for at that time all Germany, including Austria, which then was still an integral part of it, was so enthusiastic for the deliverance of Schleswig-Holstein that, if our princes had hung back, a revolution would have brought them

down on their knees, as in 1848. The millions of soldiers whom Prussia, Austria, and the remainder of the German States had at their command would, beyond doubt, have disposed even of a combined French and English attack.

The efficiency shown in 1870 by the German army had one excellent result as regards England. It was said of that army—with the usual exaggeration of a smart epigram—that "the schoolmaster had won its battles." This saying was caught up here, and led to a better system of popular education. The awful neglect which had prevailed until then may be seen from the now almost incredible statistics of previous years, as regards the schooling of those toiling masses which constitute the vast majority and the backbone of a nation. Suddenly Germany was, in this respect, pointed to as a model. That turned out, so far, to the advantage of England. In Germany, where the desire to learn from England whatever there is good there has always been a zealous one, the reform of the English popular instruction was observed with much hearty interest. In such matters the Teutonic temperament may truly be said to partake decidedly of the cosmopolitan, really humanitarian, character without any admixture of considerations of self-interest. Any one acquainted with the tone of the German Press, or of German specialists in the various branches of knowledge, and their periodical organs or works, will readily confirm this indubitable fact.

Again, however, it was to be regretted that though the efficiency of the well-educated German army had been the indirect, or rather the direct, means of leading to a reform of the English school system—which practically had, until 1870, been no system at all—there followed very soon a series of alarmist outcries against an alleged German in-

vasion danger. Pamphlets and articles appeared in the *Battle of Dorking* style. I made the acquaintance, years afterwards, of the author of that pamphlet, a well-known English general of considerable merit, but of somewhat eccentric ways. I have no doubt that he meant to urge his countrymen to a reform of their army system, which again may be described as very unsystematic and unfit for a great modern war with better prepared nations. Having myself often expressed a similar opinion for many years past, and holding, on principle, that it is every able-bodied man's duty to defend his country, I can easily understand the object of the writer of the *Battle of Dorking*.

But the means he employed were questionable, indeed, in the highest degree. He gave the watchword and the signal for a display of enmity against Germany, the echo of which has reverberated ever since. In Germany, it is true, these alarms were for many years simply treated as amusing signs of an incomprehensible nervousness. England has, until recently, been at issue with France on a good many questions which, as in the case of Egypt and Fashoda, might, under certain circumstances, easily have resulted in a hostile encounter. Even now, I should say, those err who believe that feelings of the old kind are extinct beyond the Channel. With Russia, who has pushed her frontier and her troops up to the very frontier of Afghanistan, from which she even tore off a considerable bit of territory, in spite of the alliance of the Ameer Abdul Rahman with England, a danger of a future conflict remains a permanent one. With the United States of America the Government of this country had been, but a few years ago, on the verge of war on account of a frontier question in South America.

But where are the causes which

would inspire Germans with a wish to invade England? On the other hand, what legitimate reasons could Englishmen have for an attack upon Germany? Is it because she takes proper defensive measures for her coasts on the Baltic and the German Ocean, and for the protection of her mercantile fleet? Or because she develops her industry and trade for her teeming millions of inhabitants? If so, would that not be also a cause of war between England and the United States of America, with their rapidly swelling number of people, their vast increase of exports, and their new claim, under President Roosevelt, of having a strong hand in world politics?

But if such considerations were to prevail, into what barbarism of national hatred and hostility would all civilized nations be sunk once more?

IV.

I have discussed this matter of invasion scares with not a few English friends and others, and have usually found the only excuse for their expressed alarms in the extraordinary want of knowledge as to simple facts and statistics. They generally repeated what they had read in the writings of those mysterious political Mahatmas who, under all kinds of fictitious names, sow enmity among Englishmen against Germany. Sometimes, perhaps, one and the same anonymous prophet clothes himself in different masking raiment. Then the poor reader says sorrowfully to his equally alarmed brother: "Look here! There must be a great deal in this invasion peril; for do you not see how one patriotic warner after the other turns up with exactly the same views?"

No doubt they are the same views; but perhaps, now and then, of the self-same man, only he has several *aliases*.

Among these professedly patriotic

monitors the careful reader could sometimes detect one who strangely makes light of Russian designs in the Near and the Far East—nay, who has actually served the cause of Russian advance in the direction of Constantinople, of Afghanistan, of the Persian Gulf, and India. With a casuistry learnt in, or worthy of, the most Jesuitical school of theology, such a nondescript writer seeks to hypnotize Englishmen into a belief of a German invasion danger, so as to give, in the meantime, free leave of action to a real enemy of this country elsewhere.

A German proverb says: "Wie man in den Wald schreit, so hält es wieder heraus." These never-ceasing excitements against Germany as "the enemy" bring forth the bitter fruit of odious productions on the other side. Among these must be reckoned a recent novel, *Der Weltkrieg*, by August Niemann, which has appeared in an English translation as *The Coming Conquest of England*.

To say it at once, however, this novel has been taken in Germany itself as little seriously as possible. No person in his right mind dreams there of an invasion of this country. The German Press has treated the fanciful romance in question as a work to which not the slightest political significance is to be attached. A great many of its elaborate details are indeed simply exhilarating in their patent impossibility.

In the party politics of his country the author confesses himself an ultra-Bismarckian. "Our German self-consciousness," he writes, "is not older than Bismarck." For him the history of the German Empire of yore does not seem to exist. He has never heard of the patriotic sentiments expressed by our Minnesingers, or by such a master-singer as Hans Sachs. He does not know anything of men like those who fought in the war of liberation against Napoleon the First

for the restoration of a whole, united, and free Germany; of men who suffered martyrdom for that cause afterwards in prison and exile in the time between 1815 and 1848; of men who bled in numerous struggles during the storm and stress of the German Revolution, when a National Assembly sat at Frankfurt, in which there were members of all the States of the Confederation, from the German Ocean and the Baltic to the frontier of Hungary and the Adriatic.

All these men had, no doubt, in the opinion of Mr. Niemann, no patriotic feeling, no German self-consciousness. That feeling existed alone in the man who once wished, during the popular movement in Germany, to "see all great towns, as hot-beds of rebellion, razed to the ground"; who declared the national colors of the Fatherland to be merely symbols of sedition; and who in 1866 brought about the ejection of one-third of the territory and population of Germany from the common country, in consequence of which the Slav danger has become a most threatening one in that Austria which for a thousand years had been an integral part of Germany, as much as Yorkshire is of England. Bismarck, who began as an ultra-reactionary junker or squire-arch; who, however, was gradually driven, after 1866—when Germany had been torn by him in what he himself afterwards called a "fratricidal war" into three pieces—to enlarge the scope of his designs and of his ambition; Bismarck, who, when he was ousted from his post as Imperial Chancellor, tried his worst from feelings of angry disappointment, in interviews with foreign journalists and in various speeches, to loosen once more whatever bonds of union he had himself created in the Confederated Empire: he, forsooth, first had alone the true sense of German *Selbstgefühl*!

Against such an assertion it is diffi-

cult not to write a satire. How if an exile, who remembered having been tortured in prison and narrowly escaped from court-martial bullets, had so acted from personal feelings of anger?

An extreme Bismarckian, the author of the *Weltkrieg* is also a pro-Russian. In the Preface he speaks with high glee of how he sees, "In his mind's eye, the armies of Germany, France, and Russia moving forward against the universal foe whose polypus arms encircle the globe." Then he begins his novel with a scene in the Imperial Winter Palace at St. Petersburg, where the Grand Dukes, Ministers, and other notabilities actually form the plan for the invasion of England, in set speeches which remind one rather of the theatre than of a political council. So he places Russia in the forefront of what he approves as a design. Nor can there really be any doubt that, for a long time past, Muscovite Autocracy has formed schemes for bringing England down from the pinnacle of her greatness.

But when Mr. Niemann introduces the Russian Minister Witte as one of those who advocate the war for the conquest of India and the overthrow of England by means of an alliance with France and Germany, he makes rather a bad shot as regards the special political leanings of the cautious ex-Finance Minister and recent negotiator of the Portsmouth Treaty. He even puts into the mouth of that cool calculator the curious statement that "the Christian idea of mankind, being destined to form one flock under one herdsman, has found its first and most distinguished representative in our illustrious monarch," Nicholas the Second. Mr. Witte, as preacher of the universal dominion of the Czar, is a somewhat unlikely portraiture.

In reality, *The Coming Conquest of England* is a love story between a Ger-

man officer, who, odd to say, has gone to India as a commercial traveller, and an English lady, with a brute of a husband, and with political ideas as unlikely in an Englishwoman as one could well imagine. In that novel, the conquest of England by Russia, France, and Germany only takes place, so to say, incidentally; and then the world breathes freely again, being liberated from the incubus of what once was British world-dominion. Yet, how the overthrow of England was brought about by foreign armies—of this there is scarcely any detailed indication in the bulky book. We hear of a battle between the German and the English fleet, and of a landing on the Scottish coast; also of the landing of a great French army and of some regiments of the Czar near Hastings—a very original idea, no doubt. But beyond a few words that these troops had appeared there is no description whatever. It is all of the most shadowy kind.

However, the conditions of peace are: the cession of India to Russia; of Egypt to France, who also gets Belgium; whilst Germany is content with the simple annexation of Antwerp. This, again, is rather badly invented, seeing that the majority of the Belgians are not French, but Flemish—that is, Low German; and that the Belgians as a whole do not want in the least to be annexed to France. Gibraltar is to go to Spain. In Africa, Germany is to get some compensations. The Netherlands are to form a Federal State of the German Empire. The Boer States are to become independent once more, but under the "suzerainty" of Germany—"in the same way as their relation formerly was to England." As to this latter point, the author evidently does not know the text of the Treaty of 1884 and the declaration of Lord Derby.

But enough of those wild fancies.

Strangely enough, Mr. Niemann uses repeatedly English, instead of German, words in the most surprising manner. He speaks of a "camp" instead of a *Lager*; of "Fischér smacks," where the German word is *Schmacken*; of the "Compartiments" of a ship; of a "luncheon"; of a "Cirkassierin," instead of a *Tscherkessin*; of a "mole," instead of a *Hefendamm*; also of the "Baltische See," instead of the *Ostsee*. How did this curious admixture come into the German text?

In his pro-Russianism, the writer of the *Weltkrieg* makes the Minister of Foreign Affairs at St. Petersburg speak of "the troops, accustomed to victory, of His Majesty the Czar"—which sounds, just now, a trifle overdone. Repeatedly he asserts that Holy Russia's immense treasures in corn, wood, and in all kinds of agriculture cannot find a proper outlet, because Russia is not master of the seas, and therefore cannot export her produce. As if there were any hindrance to her exports! A hindrance to commercial intercourse with other nations is rather to be found in the enormously prohibitive tariff of Holy Russia.

On one point this otherwise fantastic novel may be taken as correct. In a Preface, apparently written from personal experience, the author says:

In my recollection, the British Colonel rises, who told me in Calcutta:—"Three times I have been ordered to India. Twenty-five years ago, it was when I was a Lieutenant; at that time the Russians were still at a distance of fifteen hundred miles from the Indian frontier. Then I came out here as a Captain, ten years ago; at that time the Russians were only five hundred miles off. A year ago I arrived as Lieutenant-Colonel; now the Russians stand directly before the passes which lead into India."

Again the author makes the Russian Prince Tschadtschawadse say:

For more than a hundred years we have cast our glance upon this rich country—India. *All our conquests in Central Asia have India as their final aim.* Already the Emperor Paul ordered, in 1801, the Ataman of the Don Army, Orlow, to penetrate with 22,000 Cossacks as far as the Ganges. It is true such a campaign was then considered to be easier than it really is. The Czar died, and his rash scheme was not carried out. During the Crimean War General Kauffmann offered to conquer India with 25,000 men. Nothing, however, was done. Since then views have become different. We have found that only an advance, step by step, can attain the aim. And we have not lost time. In the west of India we have advanced to Herat, up to a distance of a hundred kilometers; and in the east, in the Pamir territory, we have come even nearer to India.

These are facts of no mean importance, as I myself have often pointed out, for ever so many years, in opposition to those who would not believe in the designs of Muscovite Autocracy, and who, like Lord Salisbury, once thought the best means of warding off the danger would be by "calling upon a bookseller for a large map of Asia." Mr. Balfour, Lord Salisbury's nephew, has, however, declared since that the policy of buying large maps of Asia could no longer be considered a good means of defending India against a possible danger.

V.

Such reckless and irresponsible writing, of a merely novelistic, sensational kind, as is contained in the book just described is certainly not to be regarded as typical of German intentions. Its reception in the country of its origin proves that sufficiently. Its publication is to be regretted, nevertheless, even as the publications of the *Battle of Dorking* character were; the

latter even more so, because it was an English general who first gave the impulse. Other writers who followed thought they must improve the theme by raising against Germany the cry: "*Delenda est Carthago.*" They manifestly forgot that, in more than one country abroad, it was England who often has been likened to Carthage.

Need I speak of the impression made in Germany by a speech like that of a Lord of the Admiralty, still in office, who went so far as to give a pretty plain hint that it might be best for England to smash a certain fleet in the German Ocean offhand, before a declaration of war had even got into the newspapers? Afterwards he had to explain his words away. But he did it in a manner which was at flagrant issue with his recorded speech in several journals, to the correct report of which there were upwards of a hundred and twenty witnesses present at the banquet in question. So it was stated, uncontradicted, in the non-party paper of Mr. Arthur Lee's own constituency.

It stands to reason that such menaces from an apparently official quarter would only have the effect of showing to Germans the necessity of still further increasing their own navy. Thus the thoughtless originators of an invasion scare, and of threats of attack, without a declaration of war, by way of forestalling an alleged foe, are working for the very thing which they would fain denounce as a European danger.

In order to induce their countrymen to a risky policy, they contradict themselves in the most extraordinary manner. At one and the same time they paint the German nation as perfectly inflamed with a desire for war and full of the lust of conquest, and yet attribute to it a degenerate army; declaring the nation itself to be eaten up internally with wretched poverty. Oth-

ers, on the contrary, take the great increase of industrial and commercial prosperity of Germany as their text, from which to preach the sermon "*Germaniam esse delendam*"—as a London periodical literally said years ago, before the existence of the present German navy. Between all these discordant allegations and yet uniform tendencies of hostility to Germany, the most astounding ignorance, even in simple geographical matters, is not seldom exhibited by writers of that kind; for instance, when Prussia and one of her provinces are mentioned as separate States. It is as if one were to speak of England and of Sussex as separate States.

A favorite assertion is that Germany intends annexing Holland and thus getting possession of a Colonial Empire. I scarcely think I need say that my own political principles and aspirations are as far away as possible from the present mode of Government at Berlin. But I have no hesitation in qualifying the assertion in question about a danger to Holland as the very contrary of fact and truth.

The Netherlands, like Switzerland, have historically achieved their independence, and neither of them wants being reunited with Germany. They prefer their independence and their Republican or Constitutional government. Both were once part of our country, the Dutch being a branch of the population of Lower Germany, and the vast majority of the Switzers a branch of the population of Upper Germany. They have separated from us, and there is no desire whatever to force them back under the present Empire, which, by-the-by be it said, exists without that former Austrian part of Germany whose connection with the common Fatherland had lasted for a thousand years.

The assertion that Germany means to overrun Holland and annex it, dates

from the time of the successful German war of defence against France in 1870-71. French agents and their co-operators in England then spread, and have continued to spread, that false alarm ever since. The Dutch themselves, averse as they are to reincorporation with Germany, do not believe in the baseless tale. Their Queen has not been deterred by it from marrying a German Prince. He is one noted for his pro-Russian activity, who for several years has worked up this Dutch scare, combining with it frequent attempts to rouse France to renewed active hostility against her eastern neighbor, and to incite the Danes also, in a similar manner, for the ulterior purpose of a final general attack upon Germany.

These insidious efforts were doomed to failure. A friendlier feeling has fortunately arisen, of late, between the Scandinavian nations and their kindred Teutonic stock. As to the most far-seeing French Republicans, they have found out into what a perilous course M. Delcassé intended to drive them. Witness that which has been wisely said by a prominent Republican spokesman in the pages of this Review, when explaining the suddenness of the well-merited fall of the former Foreign Minister of France.

The Nineteenth Century and After.

Germany has preserved the peace in Europe for more than thirty-four years—a peace only broken in 1876 by Russia, when Constantinople was in close danger of falling into the hands of the Northern Autocrat. To uphold peaceful relations with France has been the constant aim of the German nation and its Government. Of that, even the opponents of the latter at home are quite aware. To bring about war, in alliance with England, has been the pretty well avowed aim of M. Delcassé's Moroccan policy. This fact was known months ago, immediately after his fall, to those who had a trustworthy report of what had occurred in the Cabinet Council at Paris, which ended in the instantaneous dismissal of that Minister. M. Delcassé himself, in an interview afterwards, made a tolerably frank confession in the same sense. He prided himself on his fatal design.

For my part, my hearty wish is to see two nations representing the highest state of civilization on the Continent henceforth only as rivals in the arts of peace. Right glad would I be, too, if the people of England, Germany, and America, kinsmen in blood, were to cultivate among themselves corresponding relations of goodwill and friendship.

Karl Blind.

ARNOLD BOECKLIN.

Art is the most sincere and most direct expression of the human soul. But that soul embraces such a gigantic world of phenomena, such a fathomless sea of mysteries, such an entanglement of immeasurable and sometimes contradictory manifestations of life, such a medley of brutal and subtle sentiments, emotions and ideas, that artistic criticism is unable to find a

real connection between a work of art and the soul of its creator. To find this connection is the task of the theory of art; but in attempting it not only learned systems of æsthetic but also those temporary watchwords which describe the narrow tendencies of certain schools in art are usually taken to pieces.

The mutual relations and inter-de-

pendence even of a few simple and essential manifestations of the soul, such as thought, sentiment and imagination, produce such a complexity of phenomena that all the resources of the different branches of art would be necessary to reproduce them. But these elementary psychological phenomena possess so many shades produced by the influence of the infinitely varied play of external life on the states of the artist's mind that it is impossible to explain them by anything which can be considered a standard measure of human deeds.

Hence the difficulty and even the absurdity of criticism, which looks on a work of art, not as a conscientious student would look on a phenomenon unknown to him, but as a judge with lucid paragraphs which he applies to it, whereas it is in reality the result of the effort of a soul quivering with unrestrained desire to express itself entirely, and thus it stands in opposition to the surrounding life of soul as well as to the moral and material conditions of the existence of the bulk of mankind.

A critic is in the same position in relation to art as a poet or an artist is in relation to life, to nature. The subject of his investigations is changed, but the means and the results are the same. If the soul of a critic is so rich as to give the impression of an unexhausted source, if he be a deep thinker whose capacity of creating ideas is boundless as the ocean, if he be a man in the highest degree honest, in whom there are united a childish simplicity and frankness with great learning, experience and good taste, let such a critic write; for should he not create a scientific theory of art, which is impossible, he will arouse enthusiasm for it, as did Ruskin, and his work will be good literature. Such is one *raison d'être* of criticism. Another is the accumulation of facts and anecdotes con-

cerning the life of artists, or the conscientious cataloguing of works of art.

Not feeling strong or infatuated enough to put myself into the first category of critics, I propose to follow in this paper the modest task of the second kind of writers, and to relate what I have gathered about one of the greatest, perchance the greatest, of German artists, Arnold Boecklin, who, notwithstanding the fact that so much has been written in the land of Lessing, was unknown to the people at large until he was well over sixty, and was never recognized at all by official Germany.

The Pan-German genius, with which, in literature, philosophy and discoveries only the Greeks can compete, whose music, as represented by Bach and Beethoven, has never been surpassed; that genius, to which the French are superior only in Cuvier, the Spaniards in Columbus, and the Poles in Copernicus, having always been beaten by Latin genius in the field of art, has in Boecklin at length found a worthy champion. In him German art has a great representative, whom the Germans admire as the greatest poet-painter among them. He has succeeded in what Goethe strove in vain to accomplish, he has grafted the German soul upon the antique ideal of beauty. On a charming afternoon, on a certain summer day, he perceived old Pan, and through the medium of his glaring colors, he has restored to the Germans that which they had lost: their feeling for the universe and for infinity.

Thus proudly spoke Ola Hanson of Boecklin. Unfortunately for the Germans, Nietzsche says that Boecklin was not a German at all, but a Swiss; and he exclaims: "What poet had Germany to equal the Swiss Keller? Has there ever been a student like Jacob Burkhardt? Or a path-finding painter like Boecklin?" Over the first of these questions the Germans can shrug their shoulders, they can answer

the second, but over the third they would be obliged to drop their heads.

Since that eloquent outburst of Ola Hanson, there has appeared so much rich material about Boecklin that perhaps there is not another contemporary artist of whom more has been written. From these materials one may learn all about Boecklin's life—full as it was of hard struggles; about his artistic principles and aims, about the secret of his technique and his workmanship; and the conclusion to which one comes is that there has not been in Germany any painter whose activity was surer, who was greater in natural artistic gift, in incessant effort, or in harmony and coloring.

A modern man of culture associates Boecklin's name with something great, surpassing the ordinary measure of things to which people are accustomed. Boecklin is a phenomenon, admired by all those who are able to understand him; he astonishes us by the primitiveness of his nature, which resembles that of mythical people, and by his spiritual culture, which places him amongst the most eminent men of the nineteenth century.

Boecklin's artistic spirit bore no marks of the narrow-minded, petty surroundings of the commercial city of Basel, where the supreme ideals of everybody, even of his own father, lay in a certain bourgeois capacity and commercial honesty, blended with a slight tendency towards pietism, manifested by external religiousness, an atmosphere by no means artistic. In that uncultured town, uncultured in spite of its university adorned with many portraits painted by Holbein, Boecklin was born on October 16th, 1827. His father, like his ancestors, who came to Basel in the seventeenth century from the Canton Schaffhausen, was a weaver, and naturally in his father's house Boecklin did not find

much artistic stimulus or tradition. In the circle in which his parents lived an artist was looked upon as a vagabond, although there was a certain amount of interest for the art on account of an uncle who was a house painter.

Arnold Boecklin spent five years in the college of his native town, and although he did not make enough progress in Greek to understand Homer in the original text, he read him again and again in translation, and this had a great influence on his art, as may be seen in the many pictures for which he chose Greek subjects. His first artistic notions he got from two sources: he frequented a public art school, and he often visited the hall of Basel University, where many of Holbein's pictures are to be found. But when he made up his mind to become a painter, and said so to his father, he found in him a stubborn opposition, expressed in the following words: "There are already enough hungry painters, and I am sure you will not become another Calame." And he was right there, for Arnold Boecklin became a greater artist than the Swiss landscape painter, whose academic pathos was then very much admired. Arnold's mother came to his rescue, and the old weaver was obliged to give in and to consent to his son becoming an artist. So in 1845 he was sent to the Düsseldorf Academy, the nearest place where he could get an artistic education. There he was put under the direction of the historical painter, Ferdinand Theodor Hildebrandt. He was fortunately rescued from his influence by the landscape painter, J. Wilhelm Schirmer, in whose class he studied very diligently. His early studies, preserved in Munich, show astonishingly minute reproductions of plants and trees, of which he painted every leaf and blade until he gradually succeeded in accustoming his

eyes to look at landscape as a whole. From his youth up he learned how to live with Nature, how to read her secret book, which not every one can understand. But the mere faithful and minute reproduction of Nature, no matter how conscientious it may be, does not make an artist, and Boecklin's first efforts did not announce his future greatness. At most, one can find in them the elements of that gloomy, romantic tendency which became one of Boecklin's foremost characteristics.

After a year of diligent work, Boecklin returned to Basel, but soon left it with his friend Rudolf Keller, a painter also, and went to Brussels, where, however, he did not find "any pretty landscapes," and went on to Antwerp. In that city, so full of the reminiscences of the splendid life of Rubens, he remained but a short time and then went to Switzerland.

In September, 1847, he found himself in Genoa, in the studio of Alexander Calame, but, tired of making lithographs for that master, left him after three weeks of hard work, so that Calame could not claim him as his pupil. This time Boecklin was very strongly attracted to Paris, and in 1848, notwithstanding his father's opposition and his very limited means of subsistence, he went with Keller to the *cité de la lumière*. It would be difficult to state how much this sojourn in Paris influenced Boecklin artistically, but it is certain that it contributed much to free the young man from the narrow-mindedness of the small bourgeois prejudices amidst which he was brought up.

Boecklin and Keller hired a small room, No. 29, rue Verneuil, where they slept in one bed. As they had very little money, they could not enter any school; so they determined to copy diligently the old masters in the public galleries and to draw from models in

the room of a certain M. Suisse, who himself was model to J. L. David. Suisse did not pose as a professor; he furnished the future artists simply with a model and a room, and, in truth, such a way of studying is better than the training got from a mediocre and small-hearted teacher. From early in the morning till noon the two friends would draw from the models; in the afternoon they would copy in the Louvre, draw again in the evening, and then dine for half a franc each! It seems that Corot and Jules Dupré pleased Boecklin the most.

The February revolution broke out, and when the mob stormed the Louvre the two friends, who happened to be present, were carried by the wave of revolutionaries into the palace, and afterwards were pushed to the Hotel de Ville, where they heard the speeches of Louis Blanc and Lamartine. Such was the part Boecklin took in the French Revolution of 1848. After three months of hardship in Paris, he returned to Basel, where he remained for some years painting portraits and landscapes, which then began to show that he was one of the greatest colorists ever born.

About that time Boecklin's love troubles began. He first fell in love with the daughter of a trunk maker, but she got inflammation of the brain and died. In 1852 he became enamored of the daughter of a well-to-do Basel burgher, but the girl refused to marry a penniless painter. This circumstance, it seems, prompted him to leave Basel and to go to Italy, where he was more fortunate in his wooing and soon married a young Roman girl, Angelo Lorenza Pascucci, who was remarkably beautiful, brought him a small dowry, together with good luck, and remained his true and staunch friend throughout his whole life, which is more than the majority of husbands can say. She took care of his finances and of his bad health, and but for her probably the

artistic world would never have heard of Boecklin. She bore him fourteen children, of whom six only are alive.

But the misfortune was, as he said himself, that his wife had the ideas of the ancient Roman matrons and would not permit any female model in the studio. Without a model he could not paint, and had he insisted on having a model, there would have been trouble in store for him. As he deeply loved and respected his wife, he was obliged to act according to her Roman way of thinking, but suffered much when the critics pointed out that his pictures were defective for want of a model. This circumstance was the origin of Boecklin's theory, which he applied to his art, that a picture should not be a slavish copy of nature, which should be consulted only in regard to certain forms, in case of doubt, and that the best plan for a painter was to have a model in the next room to his studio and assure himself every time he needed it about the form and effect. A great man can use even a drawback to his advantage.

In 1856 Boecklin sent to an exhibition in Rome a picture representing a pompous landscape and a faun dragging a nymph across the river. The censor ordered the canvas to be thrown into the Piazza del Popolo. One should not forget that this happened in Rome, and that Boecklin was a Protestant, who won for his wife a Catholic girl, on which account there was so much irritation against him that his wife was warned by a priest that her husband's liberty and even his life were in danger. The result of all this was that Boecklin returned to Basel, where his genius took full flight, breaking away from all academic and conventional rules. Fortune did not however yet favor him. When he exhibited a picture representing a nude girl at a spring there was such indignation amongst the Basel Philistines, that his narrow-minded and

uneducated father not only drove him from the house, but went round to the tradesmen and told them not to give him credit. The painter's position was very hard indeed, but just then came a proposal from a rich man in Hanover to paint his dining-room. The fee was not large, but for a half-starved artist it was almost salvation; so he accepted the commission, went to Hanover, and in four months had finished five enormous decorative panels, for which he did not make any sketches, but painted everything directly out of his head. After many difficulties in law-suits to get his money, he went to Munich, where his misfortunes reached the culminating point—for he caught typhoid fever, but where he also met his future patrons, Baron Schack and Count Kalkreuth, the latter of whom was director of the art schools in Weimar. Both those noblemen helped Boecklin out of his difficulties; the Count offered him the post of professor in the new art school, while the Baron gave him a commission to paint some pictures for his gallery. The artist accepted both propositions. For the Schack gallery he painted several pictures, amongst which was the masterpiece called "Pan chasing a deer." It is true that Baron Schack did not pay much for his pictures. He gave Lembach only 1,000 Bavarian guldens a year, for which sum the painter was bound to give to the Baron every picture he painted during that year. Lembach was satisfied all the same, saying "that Baron Schack had one good quality, viz., he paid—not much, but he did pay—while nobody else cared whether such men as Feuerbach, Schwind or Boecklin made pictures and statues or broke stones."

Franz Lembach and Reinhold Begas were also among the professors in the school of art at Weimar, and Boecklin became friendly with them, especially with the latter, between whose art and that of Boecklin there is some affinity.

But notwithstanding this friendly artistic intercourse, the academic limitations did not please Boecklin: Weimar, notwithstanding its great literary tradition, was a nest of Philistines to Boecklin, and he left it in 1862, for, as he wrote to a friend, "service is an unpleasant word." All the same, the two years spent in Goethe's country were rich in artistic experience and results for Boecklin, for it was there that he painted his large picture "Diana the Huntress." This work, when it was exhibited in Basel, so much pleased a rich manufacturer from North Germany that he wished to purchase it—on one condition, that Boecklin would take out the goddess, for he wanted to have only the woods, without any living being in them. Boecklin, although it was only a question of an hour's work, and he badly needed money, declined to make such a concession. Boecklin's second sojourn in Rome from 1863 to 1866 was so full of trouble and worry that he did no good work there. Then he painted "The Villa by the Sea," which became very popular throughout Germany on account of the quality which the Germans call *Stimmung*, and secured him a commission from his townsfolk to decorate the staircase of the Basel Museum. So he returned to Basel again, where he spent five years and painted many masterpieces.

In 1871 he found himself again in Munich, where he stayed three years and enjoyed life without any sorrow and worry, for his skill now became widely recognized and he was paid as much as 60,000 marks for a picture. It was the first time Boecklin had possessed or seen so much money. In the capital of Bavaria his negative relations with Richard Wagner began. The poet-composer wished Boecklin to paint the scenery for the "Ring des Nibelungen," for which a sketch was made, but that was all. Boecklin's ideas about

music were limited to Bach, Handel, Gluck, Mozart and Beethoven, and consequently he did not think much of Wagner. Wagner, on his side, however, admired Boecklin's work, and when he thought over the scenery of his opera, exclaimed: "It must be done by Boecklin! He alone possesses the right fancy for it." But there was the question about the method of execution; Boecklin insisted that it was artistically impossible, and that is why they did not collaborate. What a pity!

There is a story told about Wagner and Boecklin, who was asked to come to Naples to meet the composer. He went on a burning hot day; he was sunburnt and thirsty; but instead of some refreshment he was offered music, and so much of it that the painter was bored; the composer noticed it and said:—

"Ah! you do not understand music much."

"As much as you understand art," rejoined Boecklin, and leaving Wagner rushed to the nearest *cabaret* to quench his thirst.

Those two remarkable men were both strong individualities, but of such widely different characters that they could not help clashing; besides, their ideas on art were very different. Boecklin, who kept his art within certain boundaries, was against the idea of the "united work of art;" his pictures are music of colors, but he could not make pictures for music; he was a poet in the depths of his soul, but to him the art of poetry was different from the art of painting, and he was unwilling to waste his work where he thought an idea could not be painted. For this reason he refused a commission to paint a picture for a Roman lady, who wished him to paint a hearse followed only by two little children; she thought that such a tragical scene, placed in a grandiose landscape, was

worthy of the brush of a great painter. She was mistaken, for Boecklin insisted that if a picture was to represent an idea, it must be the result of long thinking and not of a suggestion.

The influence of Italy is very palpable in Boecklin's pictures; he plunged into light and became intoxicated with the charm of southern air and sun, and even while living under the gray sky of Switzerland he reproduced the sapphire of the sky of Italy and the deep blue of the Mediterranean. His "Muse of Anacreon" resounds with merry songs and through the humid eye and sweet smile of a charming girl, commands that everything should be forgotten. It is as though she were shouting to us, with the Romans: *Carpe diem!* His fancy, loaded with classical reminiscences, threw on to the canvas: "The Fight of Centaurs," "Klio on the Throne of Clouds," "Fauns," "Pan," "Flora," in which, as in many other of his pictures, he has proved that he was not a painter of mannerisms, of routine and school, repeating the same formula that made him popular, like most artists, but a strong individuality, always fresh and continually changing. The richness of his conception is amazing. the variety of his sentiments and emotions is inexhaustible, and that richness and that universality made him the most interesting and most original painter of modern times. My limits of space do not allow me to dwell upon even his most remarkable pictures, such as "The Holy Grove," "In the Mirror of the Well," "Veritas," "A Summer Day," "The Isle of the Dead," "The Isle of the Life," "Faun admiring a Nymph," "The Playing Naiades," "Hymn of the Spring," etc., etc., in which the great qualities necessary for a masterpiece are united in the highest degree.

Boecklin painted almost till the last moments of his laborious life, and produced an amazing number of pictures,

which are scattered all over the world in public and private galleries. Nevertheless, he will never become popular, for his pictures are lacking in stories illustrating the current sentiments and thoughts of the multitude. But for everyone who has attained that high culture which enables him to receive impressions from nature and art, without any respect for practical value, for such a man Boecklin is one of the greatest artists that ever lived.

Boecklin's was a problematic, isolated and broad individuality, so rich that it shines forth in a hundred manifestations, each different from the other. He expressed his fancy and his strange poetic feeling by colors, and he was such a colorist, that it would be difficult to find any one in the history of painting who could equal him, except, perhaps, Giorgione, the painter who first created the pure Italian landscape and holds the place of honor among the best Italian colorists.

I have enumerated the most important facts of Boecklin's life, but his true life can be read in his pictures. To-day the whole civilized world admires him; to-day we realize that we have lost an extraordinary man. But formerly it was quite different—the same Boecklin was laughed at and called a madman. His soul, however, was endowed with extraordinary strength, for, notwithstanding the sorrows and struggles of his life, he marched forward with serene mind, listening to the song full of colors and light, looking to the ideal of his immortal art, which he loved more than his life. And art was the only thing that did not disappoint him during his life, and, for the love he had for it and for his hard work it awarded him the place of immortality.

There were but few people at Arnold Boecklin's funeral, which took place in January of 1901, in the cemetery of Altori, near Florence, where the great artist rests after the fierce battle of life,

in which he tasted every bitterness, but came out conqueror. He died as he had lived. A few days before his death he dreamed that he was one of Homer's heroes, he rushed from his bed and recited some verses from the Iliad.

The coffin was brought to the cemetery about five o'clock. The sun hid behind the cypress trees; a soft darkness enveloped nature. The remains of the great man were placed in an ordinary grave, like that of a simple soldier killed on the battlefield. The sky

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in the west was a glory of pale gold, a gentle wind stirring the trees.

Who knows? Perhaps in that moment all the charming nymphs and naiads, shaggy Centaurs and Pans had come to the cemetery in order to brighten with their spring-like laughter the last earthly moments of the man who had depicted them in such masterly manner, and whose great and good soul was passing across the mysterious sea to rest and eternal happiness in the "Isle of Death."

S. C. de Soissons.

THE VROUW GROBELAAR'S LEADING CASES: HER OWN STORY.

(Concluded.)

"So it was we lived for a time that was shorter than it seemed, building on the mud of our shaky fortunes a pride that our poverty could not overturn. Kornel had a saying that seemed irreligious but very true. 'There are ministers and farmers and lawyers who are rich,' he would observe, 'but there's no money in work.' I have since been won to believe that there is a flaw in the argument, but for us it was true, and bitterly true.

"We were never on the right side of ten shillings; we were never out of sight of the thin brink of want. That we were preserved and kept clear of disaster was due only to the toil of Kornel and my own anxious care for the spending of the money. I found out that a wife who is strong has a great trade to drive in upholding her house, and I, at any rate, was proficient in maintaining cleanliness, in buying and making food, and preserving to my home the atmosphere of happiness and welcome that anchors a man to his own place. Take it all in all, we were happy, and yet I would not pretend that there were not grim

hours when we wondered if the mere living were worth all that it cost. Kornel, hard as iron always, grew lean and stooped, and there appeared in his face a kind of wild care that frightened me. From the chill upcoming of the dawn to the rising of the wind at evening he taxed himself remorselessly at the sorry work in the mud, while I scrubbed and scraped and plotted and prayed to make the meagre pay cover wants that were pared meagre enough. Yes, there were certainly times when we thought the cost too great, but, God be praised! we never thought it at the same moment, and the stronger always upheld the weaker.

"And there was never any shame in the matter. Even as we feared nothing, we were never ashamed. Never!

"One morning, about an hour before high sun, when the dust lay thick on the road into the town that passed our land, and the neighborhood around was feverish with the fuss of the Kafirs and yellow folk, I stood for a moment at my door, looking down to where Kornel was fervently at work in the spruit. There was always traffic on

the road at that hour, and something drew me to look towards it. At once I saw my father. He was riding in, dressed in his black clothes, very solemn and respectable, with his beard flowing over his chest. At the same moment he saw me, and seemed to start in his saddle and glance quickly at all about—at my poor little house, the litter that lay around, the squalor of the town-end we lived in, and the laborious bent back of my man as he squattered about in the mud. He checked his horse an instant, as though by an impulse—for my father, though I honored him, was a weak man, in whom no purpose was steadfast. I saw the wavering in his face and the uncertainty of his big pale eyes; and then, half-nodding to me as though in an embarrassment, he pushed on and entered the town. I went down and told Kornel.

"H'm?" He stood as though in thought, looking up to me from the water. "Your father, eh? Would you like him to come and see you?"

"I nodded.

"He laughed and climbed up the bank to me. "So would I," he said. "I have a stiffness in my back that makes me inclined for anything rather than this work,—even your father."

"We walked up to the house together, and Kornel's brow was creased with thought, while his lips smiled.

"You see," he said, "we want nothing from him—nothing at all, so we can't afford to be humble. Have we any money at all?"

"We have three shillings," I answered, "and I owe one shilling for food."

"That's not enough," he said, shaking his head. "You say he saw me working? We must have thirty shillings at least; we must treat him well; I can't let him off, now that he has seen so much. We'll stuff him till he bulges like a rotten cask, and wishes

he could make bricks as I can. I wonder if Pagan would pay me in advance for a thousand dozen. I'll go and ask him."

"He started for the door at once, but turned and came back to me.

"He said once he had nothing to give me," he whispered to me. "Do you grudge me this, kleintje?"

"Not I," I answered. "I only wish we could do more."

"He kissed me, and was off in a moment. Pagan made no difficulty about the money. He looked at Kornel shrewdly when my man made the request, and paid at once.

"It suits me ye should be a wee thing in my debt," he said. "But you're so damned proud, there's times I'm scared o' ye. Sign yer name here."

"Now," said Kornel, when he had put the money in my hand, "get what you need for a dinner that will tickle the ou pa's stomach, and a bottle of whisky. There never was a deacon that did not suffer from some complaint that whisky would ease; and I'll get into what clean clothes I have and go to look for him."

"So I bought the dinner. I was willing enough to suffer the emptiness to come, if only I could wipe from my father's memory his impression of my man's poverty; but all the same, in case he should refuse to visit us, I bought things that would last long enough to serve ourselves until the thirty shillings should have been earned. They made a good show: for I have never been a fool in the matter of food, and I knew my father's tastes. I promised myself that his dinner should be his chief memory of that day, at all events. He was, I fear, the kind of man who remembers his good dinners better than anything else.

"It was a long time before they came, and I had given up all hope of the visit when I heard their voices. Or rather, it was Kornel's voice that I

heard, in a tone of careless civility, like one who performs a casual duty of politeness. He was talking nonsense in a slow drawl, and as they picked their way from the road to the house my father looked up to him in a kind of wonder.

"The evenings are pleasant here," Kornel was saying. "We have a little time to ourselves then, for people have learned at last not to trouble us much. One sees the sun go down yonder across the hills, and it is very pretty. Now, on the farm, nobody ever knew how handsome the sunset is. We were like Kafirs on the farm; but life in the town is quite different."

"He chattered on in the same strain, and my father was plainly dazed by it; so that his judgment was all fogged, and he took the words at their face-value. I noticed that my father seemed a little abashed and doubtful: it was easy to see that this was the opposite of what he had expected.

"He greeted me with a touch of hesitation in his manner; but I kissed him on the forehead and tried to appear a fortunate daughter—smiling assuredly, you know, glad to exercise hospitality and to receive my father in my own house. It was not all seeming, either; for I had no shame in my condition and my husband's fortune,—only a resentment for those who affected to expect it.

"You are looking well," said my father, staring at me. "How do you like the life you are living?"

"Kornel smiled boldly across to me, and I laughed.

"I was never so happy in my life," I answered—and that, at any rate, was true.

"My father grunted, and sat listening to the gentle flow of talk with which Kornel gagged him the while I busied myself with the last turn of the cooking and set the table to rights. But he glanced at me from time to

time with something of surprise and disapproval: perhaps a white woman with no Kafir servant had never met his eyes before. Kornel did not miss the expression of his face.

"We will show you something new in the dinner line," he remarked knowingly. "There are things you can't teach to a Kafir, you know."

"What things?" demanded my father.

"Ah, you shall see in a moment," answered Kornel, nodding mysteriously. "Christina will show you. Have you ever heard of a ragout?"

"My father shook his head. Neither had I; but I held my tongue.

"Well," said Kornel, "a ragout is a fowl cooked as Christina has cooked it. It is a very favorite dish among the rich men in Johannesburg. If you will draw up your chair to the table you shall see."

"It is true that I had a good hand with a fowl, stewed in a fashion of my own, which was mainly the outcome of ignorance and emergency; but it was very fortunate that on that day of all days the contrivance should have turned out so well. It was tender, and the flesh was seasoned to just the right flavor by the stuff I stewed with it—certain herbs, Katje, and a hint of a whiff of garlic. Garlic is a thing you must not play with: like sin, you can never undo it, whatever forgiveness you win. But a leaf or two bruised between two clean pebbles, and the pebbles boiled with the stew, spices the whole thing as a touch of devil spices a man.

"You may be sure I was anxious about it, and watched Kornel and my pa as they started to eat. Kornel swallowed his first mouthful with an appearance of keen judgment; then he winked swiftly to me, and nodded slightly. It was his praise of the dish. Oh, if you had known my man, you would not need telling that that was

enough for me. My father commenced to eat as though curious of the food before him. He gave no sign of liking or otherwise; but presently he squared his shoulders, drew his chair closer to the table, and gave his mind to the matter.

"That's right, walk into it," said Kornel.

"It is very good indeed," said my father, eating thoughtfully, and presently I helped him to some more. Kornel gave him soda-water with whisky in it, and thereafter there were other things to eat—nearly thirty shillings' worth. After that they sat and smoked, and drank the strong coffee I made for them, and passed the whisky bottle to and fro between them. All the while Kornel babbled amiably of foolish things,—sunsets, and Shakespeare and the ways of women,—till I caught myself wondering whether indeed he relished the change from the wide clean veld of the farm to this squalid habitation of 'toll.'

"I suppose," said my father at last, when Kornel had finished talking about sunsets,—"I suppose a ragoo, as you call it, is very expensive to make?"

"I really couldn't say," answered Kornel. "But I should think not."

"H'm; and you think a Kafir could not be taught to make them?"

Kornel laughed. "I should be sorry to try," he said.

"My father pondered on that for a while, smoking strongly and glancing from time to time at me.

"I'm growing an old man," he said at last, "and old men are lonely at the best."

"Some seem to wish it," said Kornel.

"I say they are lonely," repeated my father, sharply. "I have no wife, and I cannot be bothered with getting another at my time of life." He shook his gray head sadly. "Not that I should have to look far for one," he added, however.

"Kornel laughed, and my father looked at him angrily.

"If it had not been for you," he said, "I should still have had my daughter Christina to live with me. I am tired of being alone, and I cannot nurse the wrong done me by my own flesh and blood. You and Christina had better come out to the farm and live with me."

"And leave my business?" asked Kornel.

"Oh, there is mud and water on the farm, if your business pleases you," retorted my father. "But out there we do not take the bread out of the mouths of Kafirs."

"I see," answered Kornel briefly; and I, who watched him, knew from his voice that there was to be no truce after that,—that we should still earn our livelihood by the mud bricks.

"You will come?" asked my father.

"Good Lord, no!" replied Kornel. "You would weary me to death in a week. I don't mind being civil when we meet, but live with you! It would be to make oneself a vegetable."

"My father heard him out with a grave face, and then rose to his feet. There was a stateliness in his manner that grieved me, for when a man meets a rebuff with silence and dignity he is ageing.

"You are right, perhaps," he said. "I don't know, but you may be. Anyhow, I have enjoyed an excellent meal, and I thank you. Good-bye, Christina!"

"When he was gone, Kornel turned to me.

"It is evident you cannot have both a husband and a father," he said; "but I am sorry for the rudeness, kleintje. He is a greater man than I."

"I think you might have made it otherwise," I answered, for my heart ached for my father.

"He shrugged his shoulders. "You must manage to forgive me," he said. "I have a thousand dozen bricks to make, and that will be punishment enough."

"But you will not start again to-night!" I cried, for it was already the thin end of evening, and he was taking off his clean clothes.

"A thousand dozen is a big handful," he answered, smiling. "There's nothing like getting a grip on the work ahead."

"So in a few minutes he was down in the water again, and the mud flew as he worked at the heart-breaking task he had taken upon him. After all, the 'ragout' was expensive to make. It came dearer than we expected.

"Late into the night he held on, though thrice I went out to the bank of the stream to beg him to quit it and come to bed. There was a great pale moon that night, which threw up the colors of things strongly, and I have yet in my mind—and my heart—that picture, —the stained water, and the bank of gray mud over it, and between the two my Kornel bent over the endless boxes, vehemently working with no consideration for the limits of his strength. His arms gleamed with the wet, and were ceaseless: he might have been a dumb machine, without capacity for weariness. If he had toiled before, now he toiled doubly: there was a trouble in his mind to be sweated out and a debt of money to be repaid. And also, like a peril always near at hand, there was the thin margin that stood between us and starvation.

"When he came to bed at length, he lay down without the greeting he was wont to give me—lapsed into his place beside me with the limpness of a man spent to the utmost ounce. He slept without turning on his side, his worn hands, half-closed, lying loosely on the quilt. Yet within an hour after daylight he rose with narrow, sleep-burdened eyes, fumbled into his clothes, and staggered out to the spruit again, to resume his merciless work with the very fever of energy. The Kafirs that

worked leisurely on the next plot stopped to look at him and to wonder at the speed with which the rows of drying bricks lengthened and multiplied. I saw them pointing as I stood at the door, heavy-hearted and anxious, and envied the ease of their manner of life, and the simplicity that could be content with such work at such a wage. Yes, I have envied Kafirs, Katje: there are times for all women when we envy the dead.

"But it was the day after that that the trouble came upon us, great and violent and unawaited. Kornel had been up at daybreak again, working as strongly as ever, though his mouth was loose with the strain and his face very yellow and white. The drying and the dry bricks were lying on the ground in long rows, and some which were hard were already stacked to make room for others. It was a tremendous output for one man in the time it had taken; and when the Kafirs turned out, gabbling and laughing as usual, they stopped to look in surprise at our plot and the great quantity of bricks. They gathered in a group, and talked among themselves and pointed, and presently I was aware there was something toward. One of them in particular—a great brown brute, with bulky shoulders and huge arms—seemed to be concerned in the affair: he stared continually towards Kornel, and talked loudly, his voice running up into the squeak of a Kafir when he is excited, or angry, or afraid; and presently he stepped over our border line and walked down to the bricks. He was jabbering to himself all the time as he stooped and picked up bricks and examined them closely, and glanced down to the spruit where Kornel was still working.

"I watched him, but I said nothing hoping he would go away before Kornel saw him; but he kept on, and presently my man looked up.

"He saw the Kafir at once, and climbed up the bank pretty quickly. There was something like a smile on his face, a look as though he had found the relief he needed. He walked swiftly over to the Kafir.

"What are you doing here?" he demanded, keeping his eyes unwinkingly on the staring eyes of the Kafir.

"The latter held a dried brick in his great paw, and now he thrust it forward and broke into a torrent of speech. He accused Kornel of having trespassed in the night and stolen the bricks of the Kafirs. No man, he said, could have made so many by himself; and then he began to call names. I shuddered and put my hands before my face, and took them down again in time to see Kornel's fist fly up and out, and the great Kafir reel back from a vicious blow in the face.

"But he gave way for a moment only. Next instant he recovered and his huge arm rose, and I screamed and ran forward as the brick, dry and hard as a stone, struck Kornel on the head and tumbled him, loosely like a dead man, among the rows of bricks about him. I did not see the Kafir run away;—I saw only the thin white face of my man turned up to the sun, and the blood that ran from his brown hair. I lifted his head and called to him; but his head lolled on his shoulders, and I let him lie while I ran out crying to find help.

"It was some of the yellow folk who carried him in for me, and brought the German doctor. Kornel was on the bed when he came, and he caused the cut to be bandaged, and then spoke abstrusely of the effect of the blow, so that I understood nothing at all. I learned, however, how I was to tend him, how feed him, and how he would lie unconscious for long intervals when there would be nothing at all to do for him. But he told me I had nothing to fear in the end. Indeed, he had a

kind of cheeriness which seems to belong to doctors, which did much to comfort me and steady me for what was to come. Kornel would not die, he said; and it was that assurance I chiefly needed.

"The day went slowly for me, I can tell you. There was yet food enough in the house to last us a little while, and I made a mess for Kornel, and ate what I wanted myself. He recovered his sense of things once or twice, but when night came he dropped off again into a stupor from which he was not to be roused, and it was then I left him. I felt as though I were a traitor to him in his weakness; but my mind had buzzed hopelessly all day about the problem of our mere living, and I saw nothing else for it, so down I went to the spruit to earn what I might for my sick husband.

"The moon gave me light, and I had watched Kornel often enough to know how to go about the work. But the water, as it flowed about my legs, bit me with a chill that made me gasp, and the effort of the work, the constant bending and lifting, tried every muscle in my body. I had seen the cruelty of the work in its traces on Kornel, and knew how little it gave and how much it took; but with this first trial of it came the realization, never lost since, of how gallant a man I had chosen to stand between me and the world, and how much I owed him. I had not time to think a great deal, for the torture of brickmaking is partly in the fact that while it wrenches the body, it joins the mind to its infinite triviality. If you think, you do not pack the mud as it must be packed, and the sun crumbles your bricks to dust. It is no task for a real man at all; even for a woman, it debases, it unmakes, it breaks.

"I worked hard at it, husbanding my strength, and within an hour I was

weak and foolish with the effort. Twice I had left it to go in and see if all was well with Kornel, and this rested me; but I was now resolved that I must rest no more, if ever our debt was to be paid and bread earned for the grim days to come. So I stayed in the bitter water and worked on, till even the sense of pain was dulled and it seemed that I was past the capacity of feeling.

"I was toiling thus (never mind my old troubles, Katje dear; this is years ago) when a sound came to my ears that caused me to look up. It had been going on for some time, persisting till it gained my notice, and suddenly I became aware that there were men on our ground among the bricks. I climbed half-way up the bank to look at them, where they could not see me; and I saw several dark figures bent to some business or moving here and there. I caught the sound of hushed voices, too, though no words; and then the hot wrath set my blood racing as I realized what was going on. The Kafirs, who knew my man was wounded and helpless,—the very beast who had felled him,—were stealing the bricks he had labored so stoutly to make. My head swam with a delirium of vivid anger at the meanness of the crime, and without calculation, with no thought of fear, I scrambled up and ran at them, shouting.

"I suppose they were surprised at my coming out of the spruit, and some of them ran as soon as they heard me. Others stood and waited ominously—you know what a Kafir is with a woman,—and doubtless I should have met my last earthly troubles then and there, but that from the road beyond us there were other shouts, and men came running.

"I saw the forms of the rescuers as they raced up, and marked one tall young man who ran past me with his arm lifted before him. There was a

flash and a bang, and I sat down heavily as the white men shot at the Kafirs, who were now all running to cover. It took but an instant, and I remember it as one remembers a thing seen at night by a lightning flash, sharp and feverish.

"'Ye've no need to be feared,' some one said to me. 'They're only my clerks, but they're a handy lot.'

"A short, stout man was standing over me, and as I looked up I saw it was old Pagan. Away in the darkness there were yet cries and the sound of blows, where the white men pursued the Kafirs.

"'Ye see,' continued the old man, 'I heard o' what had happened, an' I counted on this. I'm a man o' experience, Mrs. du Plessis, an' the very same thing happened to me once. So I got a few o' my lads along, and we've been waitin' for what ye might call the eventuality. I'm no' exactly a negrophilist, ye ken. An' after seein' you squatterin' about in the mud yonder, while yer husband was sick a-bed, there was no holdin' the lads. No' that I endeavored to restrain them, in any precise sense.'

"Away in the darkness a Kafir shrieked agonizedly.

"'There ye are,' said the old man. 'Yon's chivalry. If ye had been a man, they'd never ha' put their hearts into it like that.'

"He helped me to my feet and gave me an arm towards the house.

"'There's just one thing,' he said, 'and it's this. I'm no' quite the slave-driver ye might take me for—workin' in the night to drag a pittance out o' me! For instance, I've a job in the store that yer man can have, if it'll suit him, and if you're willing yerself. It's no' a big thing, but it's white. And for the present while, I daresay I can advance ye enough to be going on with. And me and the lads 'll say no word about seein' you at yer work.'

"What is the use of carrying this tale on? It was there we ceased to have the troubles that go to making tales, and entered upon the ordered life of good industry and clean living. But, Katje, of all that came afterwards, money, and success, and even

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children, there was nothing to knit us as did the sorry months by the spruit, when my Kornel proved himself the man I knew him to be. Be happy, Katje; be happy at any rate."

I think she has been happy.

Perceval Gibbon.

PETER'S MOTHER.

BY MRS. HENRY DE LA PASTURE.

CHAPTER XIX.

Nearly a thousand feet above the fertile valley of the Youle, stretched a waste of moorland. Here all the trees were gnarled and dwarfed above the patches of rust-colored bracken; save only the delicate silver birch, which swayed and yielded to the wind.

Great boulders were scattered among the thorn-bushes, and over their rough and glistening breasts were flung velvet coverings of green moss and gray lichen.

On this October day, the heather yet sturdily bore a few last rosy blossoms, and the ripe blackberries shone like black diamonds on the straggling brambles. Here and there a belated furze-bush erected its golden crown.

Over the dim purple of the distant hills, a brighter purple line proclaimed the sea. Closer at hand, on a ridge exposed to every wind of heaven, signed a little wood of stunted larch and dull blue pine, against a clear and brilliant sky.

Sarah was enthroned on a mossy stone, beneath the yellowing foliage of a sheltering beech.

Her glorious ruddy hair was uncovered, and a Tyrolean hat was hung on a neighboring bramble, beside a little tweed coat. She wore a loose white canvas shirt, and short tweed skirt; a brown leather belt, and brown leather boots.

Being less indifferent to creature-comforts, than to the preservation of her complexion, Miss Sarah was paying great attention to the contents of a market-basket by her side. She had chosen a site for the picnic near a bubbling brook, and had filled her glass with clear sparkling water therefrom, before seating herself to enjoy her cold chicken and bread and butter, and a slice of game-pie.

Peter was very far from feeling any inclination towards displaying the hilarity which an outdoor meal is supposed to provoke. He was obliged to collect sticks, and put a senseless round-bottomed kettle on a damp reluctant fire; to himself he used much stronger adjectives in describing both; he relieved his feelings slightly by saying that he never ate lunch, and by gloomily eyeing the game-pie instead of aiding Sarah to demolish it.

"It wouldn't be a picnic without a kettle and a fire; and we *must* have hot water to wash up with. I brought a dish-cloth on purpose," said Sarah. "I can't think why you don't enjoy yourself. You used to be fond of eating and drinking—*anywhere*—and most of all on the moor—in the good old days that are gone."

"I am not a philosopher like you," said Peter, angrily.

"I am anything but that," said Sa-

rah, with provoking cheerfulness. "A philosopher is a thoughtful middle-aged person who puts off enjoying life until it's too late to begin."

"I hate middle-aged people," said Peter.

"I am not very fond of them myself, as a rule," said Sarah, indulgently. "They aren't nice and amusing to talk to, like you and me; or rather" (with a glance at her companion's face), "like *me*; and they aren't picturesque and fond of spoiling us, as *really* old people are. They are just busy trying to get all they can out of the world, that's all. But there are exceptions; or, of course, it wouldn't be a rule. Your mother is an exception. No one, young or old, was ever more pictur-esque or—or more altogether delicious. It was I who taught her that new way of doing her hair. By-the-by, how do you like it?"

"I don't like it at all," growled Peter.

"Perhaps you preferred the old way," said Sarah, turning up her short nose rather scornfully. "Parted, indeed, and brushed down flat over her ears, exactly like that horrid old Mrs. Ash."

"Mrs. Ash has lived with us for thirty years," said Peter, in a tone implying that he desired no liberties to be taken with the names of his faithful retainers.

"That doesn't make her any better looking, however," retorted Sarah. "In fact, she might have had more chance of learning how to do her hair properly anywhere else, now I come to think of it."

"Of course everything at Barracombe is ugly and old-fashioned," said Peter, gloomily.

"Except your mother," said Sarah.

"Sarah! I can't stand any more of this rot!" said Peter, starting from his couch of heather. "Will you talk sense, or let me?"

Sarah shot a keen glance of inquiry at his moody face.

"Well," she said, in resigned tones, "I did hope to finish my lunch in peace. I saw there was something the matter when you came striding up the hill without a word, but I thought it was only that you found the basket too heavy. Of course, if I had known it was only to be lunch for one, I would not have put in so many things; and certainly not a whole bottle of papa's best claret. In fact, if I had known I was to picnic practically alone, I would not have crossed the river at all."

Then she saw that Peter was in earnest, and with a sigh of regret, Sarah returned the dish of jam-puffs to the basket.

"I couldn't talk sense, or even listen to it, with those heavenly puffs under my very nose," she said. "Now, what is it?"

"I hate telling you—I hate talking of it," said Peter, and a dark flush rose to his frowning eyebrows. He threw himself once more at Sarah's feet, and turned his face away from her, and towards the blue streak of distant sea. "John Crewys wants to marry—my mother," he said in choking tones.

"Is that all?" said Sarah. "I've seen that for ages. Aren't you glad?"

"Glad!" said Peter.

"I thought," Sarah said innocently, "that *you* wanted to marry *me*?"

"Sarah!"

"Well!" said Sarah. She looked rather oddly at Peter's recumbent figure.

Then she pushed the loosened waves of her red hair from her forehead with a determined gesture. "Well," she said defiantly, "isn't that one obstacle to our marriage removed? Your aunts will go to the Dower House, and your mother will leave Barracombe, and you'll have the place all to yourself. And you dare to tell me you're sorry?"

"Yes," said Peter, sitting up and facing her, "I dare."

"I'm glad of that," said Sarah. Her deep voice softened. "I should have thought less of you if you hadn't dared."

Suddenly she rose from her mossy throne, shook the crumbs off her skirt, and looked down upon Peter with blue eyes sparkling beneath her long lashes, and the fresh red color deepening and spreading in her cheeks, until even the tips of her delicate ears and her creamy throat turned pink.

"Well," said Sarah, "go and stop it. Make your mother sorry and ashamed. It would be very easy. Tell her she's too old to be happy. But say good-bye to me first."

"Sarah!"

"Why is it to be all sunshine for you, and all shade for her?" said Sarah.

"Hasn't she wept enough to please you? Mayn't she have her St. Martin's summer? God gives it to her. Will you take it away?"

"Sarah!"

He looked up at her crimsoned tearful face in dismay. Was this Sarah the infantile—the pink-and-white—the seductive, laughing, impudent Sarah? And yet how passionately Peter admired her in this mood of virago, which he had never seen since the days of her childish rages of long ago.

"Why do you suppose," said Sarah, disdainfully, "that I've been letting you follow *me* about all this summer, and desert *her*; except to show her how little you are to be depended upon? To bring home to her how foolish she'd be to fling away her happiness for your sake. You, who at one word from me, were willing to turn her out of her own home, to live in a wretched little villa at your very door. Don't interrupt me," said Sarah, stamping, "and say you weren't willing. You told her so. I meant you to tell her, and yet—I could have killed

you, Peter, when I heard her sweet voice faltering out to me, that she would be ready and glad to give up her place to her boy's wife, whenever the time should come."

"She told you?" cried Peter.

"But she didn't say you'd asked her," cried Sarah, scornfully. "I knew it, but she never guessed I did. She was only gently smoothing away, as she hoped, the difficulties that lay in the path to *your* happiness. Oh, that she could have believed it of me! But she thinks only of your happiness. You, who would snatch away hers this minute if you could. She never dreamt I knew you'd said a word."

She paused in her impassioned speech, and the tears dropped from the dark blue eyes. Sarah was crying, and Peter was speechless with awe and dismay.

"I think she would have died, Peter," said Sarah, solemnly, "before she would have told me how brutal you'd been, and how stupid, and how selfish. I meant you to show her all that. I thought it would open her eyes. I was such a fool! As if anything could open the eyes of a mother to the faults of her only son."

Peter looked at her with such despair and grief in his dark face, that her heart almost softened towards him; but she hardened it again immediately.

"Do you mean that you—you've been playing with me all this time, Sarah? They—everybody told me—that you were only playing—but I've never believed it."

"I meant to play with you," said Sarah, turning, if possible, even redder than before; "I meant to teach you a lesson, and throw you over. And the more I saw of you, the more I didn't repent. You, who dared to think yourself superior to your mother; and, indeed, to any woman. Kings are enslaved by women, you know," said Miss Sarah, tossing her head, "and

statesmen are led by them, though they oughtn't to be. And—and poets worship them, or how could they write poetry? There would be nothing to write about. It is reserved for boys and savages to look down upon them."

She sat scornfully down again on her boulder, and put her hands to her loosened hair.

"I can't think why a scene always makes one's hair untidy," said Sarah, suddenly bursting into a laugh; but the whiteness of Peter's face frightened her, and she had some ado to laugh naturally. "And I am lost without a looking-glass," she added, in a somewhat quavering tone of bravado.

She pulled out a great tortoiseshell dagger, and a heavy mass of glorious red-gold hair fell about her piquant face, and her pretty milk-white throat, down to her waist.

"Dear me," said Miss Sarah. She looked around. Near the bubbling brook, dark peaty hollows held little pools, which offered Nature's mirror for her toilet.

She went to the side of the stream and knelt down. Her plump white hands dexterously twisted and secured the long burnished coil. Then she glanced slyly round at Peter.

He lay face downwards on the grass. His shoulders heaved. The pretty picture Miss Sarah's coquetry presented had been lost upon the foolish youth.

She returned in a leisurely manner to her place, and leaning her chin on her hand, and her elbow on her knee, regarded him thoughtfully.

"Where was I? Yes, I remember. It is a lesson for a girl, Peter, never to marry a boy or a savage."

"Sarah!" said Peter. He raised his face and looked at her. His eyes were red, but he was too miserable to care; he was, as she had said, only a boy. "Sarah, you're not in earnest! You can't be! I—I know I ought to be

angry." Miss Sarah laughed derisively. "Yes, you laugh, for you know too well I can't be angry with you. I love you!" said Peter, passionately, "though you are—as cruel as though I've not had pretty well as much to bear to-day, as I know how to stand. First, John Crewys, and now you—saying—"

"Just the truth," said Sarah, calmly.

"I don't deny," said Peter, in a quivering voice, "that—that some of the beastly things he said came—came home to me. I've been a selfish brute to *her*, I always have been. You've said so pretty plainly, and I—I dare say it's true. I think it's true. But to *you*—and I was so happy." He hid his face in his hand.

"I'm glad you have the grace to see the error of your ways at last," said Sarah, encouragingly. "It makes me quite hopeful about you. But I'm sorry to see you're still only thinking of *our* happiness—I mean *yours*," she corrected herself in haste, for a sudden eager hope flashed across Peter's miserable young face. "Yours, yours, *yours*. It's your happiness and not hers you think of still, though you've all your life before you, and she has only half hers. But no one has ever thought of her—except me, and one other."

"John Crewys," said Peter, angrily.

"Not John Crewys at all," snapped Sarah. "He is just thinking of his own happiness like you are. All men are alike, except the one I'm thinking of. But though I make no doubt that John Crewys is just as selfish as you are, which is saying a good deal, yet, as it happens, John Crewys is the only man who could make her happy."

"What man are you thinking of?" said Peter.

Jealousy was a potent factor in his love for Sarah. He forgot his mother instantly, as he had forgotten her on the day of his return, when Sarah had walked on to the terrace—and into his heart.

"I name no names," said Sarah, "but I hope I know a hero when I see him; and that man is a hero, though he is—nothing much to look at."

It amused her to observe the varying expressions on her lover's face, which her artless words called forth, one after another.

"If you are really not going to eat any luncheon, Peter," she said, "I must trouble you to help me to wash up and pack the basket. The fire is out and the water is cold, but it can't be helped. The picnic has been a failure."

"We have the whole afternoon before us. I cannot see that there is any hurry," said Peter, not stirring.

"I didn't mean to break bad news to you," said Sarah, "until we'd had a pleasant meal together in comfort, and rested ourselves. But since you insist on spoiling everything with your horrid premature disclosures, I don't see why I shouldn't do the same. I must be at home by four o'clock, because Aunt Elizabeth is coming to Hewelscourt this very afternoon."

"Lady Tintern!" cried Peter, in dismay. "Then you won't be able to come to Barracombe this evening?"

"I am not in the habit of throwing over a dinner engagement," said Sarah, with dignity. "But in case they won't let me come," she added, with great inconsistency, "I'll put a lighted candle in the top window of the tower, as usual. But you can guess how many more of these enjoyable expeditions we

shall be allowed to make. Not that we need regret them if they are all to be as lively as this one. Still—"

She helped herself to a jam-puff, and offered the dish to Peter with an engaging smile. He helped himself absently.

"I don't deny I am fond of taking meals in the open air, and more especially on the top of the moor," said Sarah, with a sigh of content.

"What has she come for?" said Peter. "I shall be better able to tell you when I have seen her."

"Don't you know?"

"I can pretty well guess. She's going to forgive me, for one thing. Then she'll tell me that I don't deserve my good luck, but that Lord Avonwick is so patient and so long-suffering, that he's accepted her assurance that I don't know my own mind (and I'm not sure I do), and he's going to give me one more chance to become Lady Avonwick, though I was so foolish as to say 'No' to his last offer."

"You didn't say 'No' to *my* last offer!" cried Peter.

"I don't believe an offer of marriage is even legal before you're one and twenty," said Miss Sarah, derisively. "What did it matter what I said? Haven't I told you I was only playing?"

"You may tell me so a thousand times," said Peter, doggedly, "but I shall never believe you until I see you actually married to somebody else."

(To be concluded.)

DAYS IN A PARIS CONVENT.

The long street which runs from the left bank of the Seine right into the heart of the *Faubourg* is unusually congested with traffic. Where the slope uphill becomes decided, and a certain

dignity is given to the street by the imposing stone front of the convent, the press is thickest. A highly polished coupé comes into dangerous proximity with the shining panels of an electric

brougham. The driver of a *fiacre*, his face shining scarlet in the March wind under his glazed white hat, shouts all those imprecations dear to the Paris *jehu* to the chauffeur of a noisy and malodorous automobile which insists upon blocking his way. Presently, however, there is a move on: a heavy carriage and pair, a carriage which might have seen the light under the Second Empire, lumbers away from the wide oak doorway beneath the statue of the crowned Mother and Child. The vehicles behind it fall into a slowly moving line, and by the time he in his turn deposits his fare at the convent door, even the *cocher* in the white hat has subdued his expletives to a harsh whisper.

The sisters of Notre Dame de Bon Secours are giving hospitality to a retreat of one of those excellent philanthropic societies which have flourished amongst the ladies of Paris since the days of St. Vincent de Paul. The sisters take a particular interest in this society, for did not its foundress live for a time in La Solitude, the little house hidden away amongst the elm trees at the end of their garden? Now she lives only as a blessed memory and in the good work, the modern representatives of which are thronging up the wide stone steps to the chapel, loosening their heavy coats and handsome furs as they go, the clicking of high heels making a cheerful accompaniment to the subdued murmur of conversation. For outside the chapel silence is not imposed upon the ladies of the retreat—perhaps because it would be useless—and a good deal of eager discussion is audible amongst them to-day. This society is in the forefront of fashion, as well as of charity, and embraces some of the most distinguished ladies in Paris. "Ah, mon Dieu! What would M. Combes say if he could see our street to-day?" says Mère Placide, the *Mère*

Economie, to the sister at the porter's lodge, as, returning from a shopping expedition, she watches from the foot of the stairs the well-dressed congregation pouring into the chapel. It is indeed a proud day for the good sisters, but also a busy one, and one that at times calls for a considerable amount of tact.

For *ces dames* are exacting in their spiritual as in their temporal needs. Great things have been spoken of the abbé who is to address them, and they are each and all determined to hear him to the best advantage. Madame la Duchess de B—, she of the heavy carriage, has actually sent her footman to affix her card to a desk close under the pulpit, retaining the seat, as she imagines, for the whole week of *Retraite*, and more than one *mondaine* of lesser degree has tried to follow her example. But this is a manœuvre which on the morrow they will find gently but firmly checked. "*J'ai retiré les cartes*," a demure sister will explain, with a quiet smile, when the chapel doors are opened, and the ladies will know well that expostulation is quite unavailing. They must submit with a good grace to the gentle noiseless ushering into the best seats that can be found for them. Equality reigns, for the moment anyhow, within the convent, and not the most titled or bejewelled of these fashionable philanthropists must look for precedence. Meantime, on this opening day of the retreat, the large and beautiful chapel of Notre Dame de Bon Secours fills very rapidly; and presently when the abbé, whose fame has already gone forth amongst them, mounts into the pulpit, the eyes of the whole congregation, and not a few long-handled lorgnettes, are fastened upon his spare but impressive figure. Here, it is felt at once, is a striking personality. He has the square head and firm jaw of an Erasmus, and as his discourse ad-

vances it is obvious indeed that a Daniel has come to judgment. The opening sentences, however, are unremarkable. The *Mère Générale*, a keen and experienced critic, feels, indeed, a slight chill of disappointment. This is *banal*, impersonal; the ladies will never listen. They have heard enough of the virtues of maternity, the wickedness of the world. Then suddenly the preacher's tone changes. He is warming to his work, and the air becomes charged with electricity. No sin of omission or commission, no foible or folly of society as represented by his listeners, appears to escape this man's observation nor his scathing comment. From the ridiculous angle at which the fashion of the day dictates the wearing of their hats to the upbringing and the marriages of their young daughters, *ces dames* have to hear the truth, fearlessly and faithfully delivered to them with an eloquence which is at times ferocious. But they like it. The genuine sincerity of the priest fascinates them, and it is a fact that a bitter dose of tonic properly administered is often palatable. The *Mère Générale* smiles grim approval; the choice has, after all, been a wise one.

Later, quite a chorus of ecstatic appreciation rises from the ladies as they once more click down the stone stairs, rustling their silks and arranging their veils on some of those very hats which have just been held up to opprobrium. Oddly enough, they seem to take quite a personal pride in the preacher's merits and in their own chastisement. "Comme il a bien parlé!" exclaims Madame la Duchesse, stopping to exchange salutations with *Mère Placide* at the foot of the stairs, self-satisfaction still beaming from every line of her large good-tempered face. Then she climbs into her heavy carriage and rolls away, enchanted with her well-spent afternoon. It is noticeable that some few are silent, as, drawing their

furs closely round them, they pass out into the cold March twilight, where coachmen and chauffeurs have had ample time to meditate upon the piety of their mistresses, and perhaps to pay vicarious penance for some of their offences. Day after day these devotees of a fashionable charity will return to the convent; day after day fresh invectives will be hurled upon their manners and morals; and at the end of the week, when they finally disperse, they will ask for nothing better than that when the next retreat is held the same scourge may be laid upon their well-clad backs. And if their smiling equanimity has been for one hour disturbed, if one thought or suggestion has gone to clog the wheel of ease and luxury in their own homes, or to spur unselfish effort in their relations with their poorer neighbors, neither the *abbé* nor the *Mère Générale* will feel that they have spent their week in vain.

The ladies have gone for the time being, but in the old home of their foundress a few guests who love the convent linger on into the spring and summer, learning lessons of simple piety and devotion from the sisters, and possibly others of a more purely practical nature. For the *Mère Economé*, *Mère Placide*, amongst whose multifarious duties is numbered that of looking after the welfare of the *Dames de la Solitude*, as the guests are called, is one of the most capable and businesslike women of her day. Outside the walls of her convent, and were such a profession open to her sex, one feels that she might have been a great financier. Meantime the convent surely owes much of its prosperity to her able management. For every sou that is paid out, for every purchase that comes in, the *Mère Economé* is responsible. At any hour of the day, when the convent bell sounds those four strokes which are meant to summon her, whether it be for the arrival of a parcel, the re-

ception of a visitor, or a small matter of business to be settled, Mère Placide must hasten from any distance to the lodge to attend to her duties. From the early mass at 5 A.M. until the last prayers have been said in the chapel at 9 P.M. this active septuagenarian is never off her feet. Always cheerful, always interested and sympathetic, her shrewd humorous eyes seeing very much further than the boundary of the convent wall, anybody who has once had the privilege of knowing her may well feel that there are few matters upon which her advice would not be worth the seeking. And not only does Mère Placide superintend the expenditure of the convent, but she also likes to interest herself in the small purchases of the ladies at La Solitude.

"You are going to buy a hat, madame! You are right. In Paris alone you will find a hat that is *chic*, that is worthy of you; in London never!" *Ma mère's* knowledge of London is practically non-existent, but this is of no consequence. "We have a lady," she continues, with a complete absence of frivolity in tone or intention, "who comes here twice a year to say her prayers in our chapel. She is *bien dévote*. We esteem her greatly, and each time she takes back three hats from the Rue de la Paix." This is surely an example worth considering; but *ma mère's* advice is not finished. "Mon enfant, when you go to buy your hat, do not pay for it. That is not wise in Paris. You should command it in my name, the *Mère Economie* of Notre Dame de Bon Secours, and when it arrives I will settle your little affair for you." At first it seems beyond the limits of propriety to be ordering hats, *matinées*, and chiffons of all sorts, which a visit to Paris invariably entails, in the name of the reverend mother. But the shop people seem to be in no way surprised. At one large establishment the ladies of La Solitude

find themselves treated with particular deference, for it is from here that the necessaries of life are laid in for the convent. "I am well known there," says Mère Placide, drawing herself up with the grand air which she occasionally assumes; and, indeed, it is possible to imagine the visits of the *Mère Economie* to these particular *magasins* to be something in the nature of a triumphal progress. Certainly when her goods arrive a guest may reap the advantage of shopping under so powerful a patronage. Sometimes Mère Placide herself accompanies the parcels from the lodge, and superintends the trying on of hats and dresses. She helps to decide whether or no they are becoming, or whether madame has been too extravagant; and her opinion is generally to be trusted. If the judgment is adverse, back goes the offending garment into its *carton*, to be returned at *ma mère's* own pleasure. For all her good sense, however, or perhaps on account of it, her decision is more often thrown into the other scale. "Ah, *vous autres*," she will say with whimsical severity, "you have no occupation but to think of these things, and you should have what is best. That *matinée* suits you à *merveille*, madame; you must keep it." And madame is quite pleased to take the advice of this woman who for over forty years has worn nothing but the black habit of her order.

"Are you not very tired, *ma mère*?" asks a guest when at the end of a long day the fatal bell rings for the third time in one hour, and Mère Placide rises a little stiffly from a bench in the garden of La Solitude, where she has been resting for five minutes.

"Tired, *mon enfant*?" she replies cheerfully. "Am I ever anything else? I am old. But, *enfin*, what would you? Work, work, and discipline, and confidence in the good God—there lies the secret of a happy life. Work, good work, right up to the end—there, *mon*

enfant," and a shade of unwonted seriousness momentarily darkens her eyes, "is the secret of a peaceful end." And off she goes through the dusk of the garden to attend probably to some insignificant detail, perfectly satisfied with her simple conception of a life's duties.

Above all things Mère Placide loves the children. The sorrow of her life now is the loss of her little *pensionnaires*. The shadow of M. Combes always lying on her heart finds visible expression in the wall of new red brick across the garden, which cuts off the school buildings, now appropriated by the Government. How the good sisters had loved and toiled for the children, and how their individual care of the little ones is missed and lamented by the parents of the neighborhood, not many of whom, it is to be feared, are consoled by the thought of the possibly sounder education imparted under the new *régime*. Even the house of Nazareth, with its own gay little garden next to La Solitude, where English schoolgirls in the past have spent happy holidays, learning some of the graces of life as well as the French tongue, stands empty and deserted.

The very statues of the saints at the end of the long walks seem to miss the laughter and play of the children in their recreation hours.

St. Anthony still receives his tribute from the novices, and sometimes, indeed from their elders; but he must surely wonder what has become of those sticky bunches of flowers, half-eaten apples, and sugar-plums, the intercessory offerings daily laid at his feet for lost pencils, indiarubbers, gloves, and other treasures of school life.

Now the bleak days of March are over, and the lilacs, always early in Paris, are in full flower in the convent garden. St. Anthony is almost lost amongst the scented white and purple

bushes, and the birds are calling and quarrelling and setting up housekeeping in truly unconventional fashion. In the refectory long tables are being spread, laden with steaming bowls of *café au lait* and generous platefuls of *brioches*, cakes and jam, and all the good things suited to the healthy appetite of childhood. There is to be a first communion in the chapel, and Mère Placide is in her element providing for the temporal needs of her children, who for this day, at any rate, are to be restored to her. "Flowers, *mon ami*?" she replies to the queries of Joseph, the gardener, who also loves the children. "Why, of course—lilac."

But when the tables are finished, and *ma mère* finds her ample provisions positively hidden under the blossoming branches with scarcely room for the little ones to sit between them, she is not so well pleased. Mère Placide is the soul of generosity, but she is also just to flowers and children alike, and Joseph, the long-suffering, is rebuked. "Lilac, I said—yes, *mon ami*, but not whole *bushes*. That is not the way to treat God's good flowers. The garden must also be thought of." But the disturbance to the general harmony is a brief one. *Ma mère's* lightning flashes of annoyance are soon over, and to-day she is too happy to quarrel with anybody, least of all with her faithful Joseph, and for a cause which they have in common.

Her old eyes beam joyously as the little procession of solemn white-frocked children is marshalled in, followed by admiring mothers and friends. She bustles about, talking incessantly, filling the plates, tenderly turning back veils, and lifting the smaller ones on to their chairs, every action carrying with it something of a caress and a benediction. In ministrations of this kind there is nothing of which the Government can rob her, and such a thought in these uncertain

days cannot fail to bring peace and comfort.

All too soon the lilacs have finished blossoming. The last of spring's fragrance went with Mère Amélie, who laid down her burden with the ease which Mère Placide had promised would be the portion of those who work faithfully to the end.

"The good God just took her in His arms, and she slept," said *ma mère*, with an unexpected touch of poetry in speaking of this death-bed. On a warm May evening, after a solemn requiem in the chapel, Mère Amélie was carried down the steps between rows of black-habited sisters, each bearing a torch, and out into the dusk, out into a world of which, indeed, she knew little. "But God and the priests go with her," says Sœur Marthe, the old sister at the lodge, as she closes the door behind the modest procession. Sœur Marthe has seen so many go that way out into the dark alone with the priests. Her own turn will come soon, and she looks forward to it with that complete absence of emotion which characterizes the whole question of mortality in a religious community. Death in a convent seems to come as a more natural event than in the outer world, and the surface of tranquil routine is less harshly disturbed than would be the case in more complex surroundings. The well-ordered machinery of life rolls on with scarcely a perceptible check; sadness and sorrow can have no legitimate recognition amongst the *religieuses* because one of their number has passed on before them.

There is certainly nothing of sadness in the brilliant June weather, a few weeks later, which greets the *fête* of St. Jean-Baptiste. Midsummer day is the *fête* of the *Noviciat*, and looked forward to for many weeks by the young girls as a day of wonderful pleasure and emancipation. No work is done,

and for many hours the garden is filled with a cheerful hum of chatter and gaiety. Everybody in the convent seems to enter into this holiday of youth. Even the austere *sœur converse*, who ministers to the needs of the ladies of La Solitude, is smiling genially when she makes her daily appearance with the *déjeuner*, brought from the convent kitchen dependent in two buckets from a yoke on her shoulders. Sœur Mathilde is not only a good and pious woman, but a *bonne à tout faire* of no mean order, and a cook of superior excellence. She is, moreover, a faithful and devoted friend and helper to the *Mère Economie*, and a stern disciplinarian to those who work under her. To-day, however, she is disposed to be indulgent. Presently Mère Placide comes in to superintend the serving of the meal, a duty in which she takes a particular pleasure, for she ranks hospitality high amongst the Christian virtues. She looks more than usually tired, for youth, even in a convent, is exacting, and she has been spending a whole hour in the refectory, striving after the profitable entertainment of the novices. She is, however, obviously satisfied. "Ah, yes, madame," she says, in answer to the sympathetic inquiries of a guest, "they are happy, *les enfants*, but they are also busy. They are working for the Bon Dieu. To-morrow is the *fête* of the Saint Sacrement, and we have our procession in the garden." Her face suddenly darkens, and her mouth sets in a hard line. "There are no processions in Paris now; all that is finished. The good God is no longer permitted to walk in these wicked streets; but *nous autres* in our gardens we do as we like." The passing shadow, however, cast by any reference to the iniquities of the Government promptly disappears as *ma mère* heaps the plate of her guest with a generous helping of strawberries. *Mangez, mangez, mon en-*

fant, mangez si vous m'aimez. From the stiffest dowager, who, like the great ladies of a previous century, finds occasional refuge from mundane responsibilities in the guest-house of the convent, to the youngest of her former pupils on a visit, they are all *mon enfant* to this woman with her large heart and virile mind, who so long ago found her vocation, and forsook all that the world commonly holds good for her sex. "Yes, they are very happy, the novices," she continues cheerfully; "they have had a great surprise. The *Mère Générale*, who is away on a little tour of inspection, she has not forgotten them. Each has had a little present from her to-day, and each different. Think, mesdames, what a pleasure! But she is good!" Presently as *ma mère* is passing out through the long French windows she turns, her eyes sparkling with genuine anticipation. "Pray for us," she says gaily; "pray for us that we may have a fine day to-morrow, otherwise it will be so sad for the children. But surely," she adds, with the habit of unquestioning faith, "the Bon Dieu will not forget us."

And He does not. The June Sunday upon which the *Fête Dieu*, the Feast of Corpus Christi, is held dawns fair and cloudless. The convent wakes as usual with the birds, and the inmates of La Solitude rouse themselves in time for the early Mass. Everybody is of a cheerful countenance. The sisters are all in new habits. *Mère Placide* is positively bashful in her fresh black and clean starched coif. The *sœurs converses* go about with shining faces. No work of a menial character is ever done on a Sunday, though to the lay mind the distinctions are sometimes difficult of comprehension. On this Sunday of Sundays the whole community must be happy. M. Combes may well look the other way whilst the sun shines so brilliantly on this little band of the faithful. That the

dread spectre ever present in any French convent of to-day is not wholly banished from their midst, however, is made manifest by *Mère Placide*'s unwanted gravity when she lingers a moment in the garden with her guests at midday. In the morning there has been a rumor that a procession for the *Fête Dieu* is to be held in one of the suburbs in deliberate defiance of law and order. The sisters are pained and anxious. The good cause cannot be furthered by unseemly rioting. Even *Mère Placide*, the most militant amongst them, in spite of a certain curiosity to learn the issue, maintains an air of grave disapproval. She discusses the matter in all its bearings with her usual astonishing shrewdness and good sense, but with an underlying strain of sadness. When she turns to go there is a touch of tragic dignity in her attitude. "We will ask you to pray for us this afternoon, mesdames," she says, "that our buildings are not taken from us, that we are not thrust out homeless like so many others." *Notre Dame de Bon Secours* is a missionary order, and it is probable that the very active work done by the large community in many parts of the world may be its safeguard from the ever-encroaching demands of the State. But the Government changes so often, and in France there can at present be little security in the Church, and especially in those religious orders associated by the closest ties with Rome. In any case it is no hard matter for the most Protestant mind to pray for the peace and continuance of a home outside the moral shelter of which these good women would find it difficult indeed to place themselves, and the promise is gladly given.

The procession of the Saint Sacrement is to take place before the service of the *Salut* which is to be held in the garden and after Vespers have been sung in the chapel.

During the long bright morning—which would be so hot in the streets of Paris, but here it is so infinitely cool and shady—the last touches are being put to the improvised altar before the statue of the Virgin at the end of the principal *allée*. The fine linen cloth with which it is covered is edged with priceless lace, one of the treasures of the convent. It must be owned that there is a touching simplicity in some of the adornments employed by the novices, notable amongst these being a variety of paper frills, obviously offered by the kitchen. But the whole effect is sweet and reverent, and there are flowers everywhere. This time, for the glory of God, Joseph is allowed to work his will on the rose bushes, and in the altar vases are tall white lilles with which the air is fragrant. The very garden seems to have put forth its best strength for the *Fête Dieu*. Sweet peas, stocks, lupins, make a brave show; all the old-fashioned country flowers flourish happily under Joseph's ministrations here in the heart of Paris.

The ladies of La Solitude would also give their offering to deck the altar. Mère Placide is doubtful: a superabundance of anything is always distasteful to her well-balanced mind. "Eh bien!" she says at length, relenting, "if *ces dames* wish it; but they must not be many, just a simple nosegay."

So in the early hours of the hot afternoon a deputation of *ces dames* makes its way into the little street behind the convent wall. The Rue de N— might, so unsophisticated are its ways and so local its interests, belong to any small provincial town. The Convent of Notre Dame de Bon Secours occupies the foremost place in its mental as well as in its physical environment. Have not all the children out of those little shops been educated under the care of the good sisters for at least a space of their short lives? The

interest expressed in the health and movements of the *religieuses là-haut* is intense. To-day Mère Tissaud, seated at her window set in the wall behind her pile of newspapers, smiles at the ladies as they come a little uncertainly down the street in quest of a flower shop. They are from La Solitude. Mère Tissaud, who sees everything from her post of observation, knows them quite well. More than once she has sold them a *Petit Parisien*. It is well, she considers, that a newspaper should go into the convent, even if the sisters do not read it. To-day as they pass she nods genially under her white cap. They pause a moment, to ask if there is news of the threatened procession in the suburb. The old woman shrugs her shoulders scornfully. "Ciel, no; the people have too much sense; it was a *canard*; the good sisters must not be so easily frightened; but, after all, in such a life it was natural," and she sinks into silent contemplation of her own superior knowledge of the world. "A flower shop did the ladies want?" and Mère Tissaud rouses herself in answer to a fresh query. "To be sure, there is her friend Madame Brie across the street: she will be delighted to serve them," and she points with a knitting-pin to a little shop of peculiarly unostentatious appearance. Indeed, it is necessary to enter to discover the flowers at all, for the window is empty.

In the dark little interior, however, is one magnificent bouquet of field flowers. Blue cornflowers, scarlet poppies, clover, grasses, all just as they have grown together in the field, tied loosely with little attempt at arrangement. The ladies exclaim with pleasure: here is an offering unique in its freshness and charm, and which would not compete with the riches of the convent garden. Madame Brie explains that such a bouquet was ordered by an artist for his *fête* to-day,

and there being so many flowers over she has made a second. When she hears it is for the *dames* de Bon Secours, she awakes at once to interest and pleasure. Ah, nothing is too good for the sisters; indeed one is doubtful whether wild flowers are good enough. Had not her Jeanne been educated by them, and was not the little one going to walk in the procession? She shakes her head sadly. Times were different now, but the child would never forget them. And then Jeanne is summoned from the back of the shop and directed to carry the flowers for the ladies to her beloved convent. The ladies themselves are forcibly laden with roses and lilies and, followed by their small companion, present themselves before Mère Placide, who handles the field flowers with particular and touching pleasure. It is not often that the country is brought actually within the walls of the couvent, and the ladies have chosen well.

At four o'clock all the doors and windows and shutters of La Solitude are carefully closed. It is difficult, in face of the great wall behind the elm trees, to imagine the possibility of marauders other than cats; but caution is one of the rules of life in a convent, and for the next hour or so this little corner will be entirely unprotected even by the faithful Joseph.

The chapel looks larger and lighter in the June sunshine than it did on those chilly March days when the philanthropic ladies met here. The light streams in through the clear glass windows on either side of the nave. Here also the air is heavy with the scent of lilies. Every available seat not occupied by the community is thronged with former pupils and their parents, for this is a great day in the neighborhood, and the elders as well as the children love an opportunity of coming again to the convent. An old Monseigneur deeply venerated by the sis-

ters has come to conduct the service, and the red of his vestments adds a touch of color to the sombre mass of black habits in the building. Down below Mère Placide is busy collecting the banners and the pretty little girls in their white frocks and veils whom she has chosen to carry them.

The chapel of Notre Dame de Bon Secours has always been noted for its music. Here Gounod used to come Sunday after Sunday to worship with the sisters, and often to listen to his own compositions sung by the black-robed choir. Now the voices rise and fall in the unison commanded by Pius X., which the sisters themselves, with all respectful submission to the Holy Father, are inclined to think has a little interfered with the beauty of their music. But to some hearing it brings an admirable effect of simple devotion, swept and garnished of any suggestion of the opera house or the concert room. There are some fine voices in the choir, and the sister presiding at the organ is a true musician. The Latin words of Bach's beautiful hymn "Oh, Heart ever joyful" seem to rise in waves of true faith and joyousness from the very hearts of the singers, solemnly accentuated by intervals of silent prayer between the verses. The office closes with that petition to the Virgin to help those who are in trouble, and to intercede *pro devoto feminino sexu*, which must have a peculiar significance in a French convent at the present day.

Slowly the Host, borne aloft under the gold and white canopy, passes through the kneeling congregation, who rise and follow in complete silence down the wide stone staircase and out into the sunlit garden. At the foot of the stairs the procession is joined by Mère Placide's little girls with their banners and baskets of roses, and to the chanting of the *Ave Verum* the whole moves under the flickering shade

of the chestnut trees to the altar at the far end of the avenue. Here the *Salut* of the Saint Sacrement is sung to a congregation kneeling reverently on the gravel path, the sweet female voices rising on the still, warm air, the silver bell ringing when the Host is elevated, and the fumes of the intense mingling with, and for a time almost overpowering, the strong scent of the lilles.

Tantum ergo Sacramentum
Veneremur cernui.

The light falls softly on the black habits of the nuns or the bent heads of the people. The mere simplicity of the scene is impressive. Surely the expression of the Catholic faith is heard here in all its primitive sincerity:

Laudate Dominum, omnes gentes; laudate eum, omnes populi.

The congregation rises to its feet with the triumphant burst of Gounod's music. A blackbird in the chestnut tree above the altar sings with all his might, determined to make himself heard in this hymn of praise to the Creator of all. And why should he not? Certainly the good sisters would not wish to exclude him from their song of thanksgiving.

Slowly the procession forms again, and the people fall once more on their knees as the Host is borne past them beneath the rich canopy. Joseph's little children, mites in clean pinafores, steal up from amongst the stragglers in the rear and gaze wide-eyed at the acolytes and their swinging censers, until the parental hand forces them gently into a seemly attitude of devotion. One old grandfather, too old to kneel, leans heavily on his stick, the sun shining on his bared silvery head, and crosses himself devoutly with a shaking hand as the Saint Sacrement passes. To the onlookers there is

something of a beautiful anachronism in this mediæval scene in the heart of twentieth-century Paris. The little white-robed children, scattering their red rose leaves, emblems of the Passion, in the path of the Bon Dieu, instinctively recall the angels of Buonfigli on the walls of the Perugian gallery, with their sweet tear-laden eyes, their wreathed heads, and their baskets of roses. But the eyes of these small Parisian maidens, solemn though they are for the moment, are freer from tears than those of some of their elders. As the procession of the Saint Sacrement winds slowly away under the trees, the choir singing the *Ave Maria*, the bright patch of color made by the priestly vestments thrown up in strong relief against the mass of black habits and white coifs of the nuns, more than one who follows it has *le cœur gros*. The pathos of the scene cannot fail to touch the least thoughtful of those present, and it has needed no promise to Mère Placide to inspire a prayer for the future safety and wellbeing of the convent.

It is impossible not to wonder whether the June sun will shine upon such another procession within these walls again. In any case, for those who have been privileged to join in it, this afternoon's ceremony will be stored amongst life's most fragrant memories; and there are many who will never smell the scent of crushed rose-leaves, or see the golden light falling across a bed of tall white lilles, without thinking of the *Fête Dieu* in the Paris garden.

Mère Placide, coming into the dining-room of La Solitude an hour later, has little to say. Her heart is probably full of love and regret for her children, but, if her air of repose is to be trusted, of confidence, rather than of fear, in the future. Everybody is a little touched and subdued. Even the birds have ceased to sing, and a calm

which is full of sweetness broods over the convent.

Presently, however, when the *dames pensionnaires* are sitting under the trees outside the little house, the tension is very sensibly relieved by the sounds of genuine play and merriment coming from the larger garden. "It is the novices," says one of the ladies, who knows the convent well: "they are still keeping their *fête*." It is not good manners to invade the garden at this hour, but by peeping through the privet hedge it is possible to see that it is indeed the novices, and they are playing a modified form of the *jeu de paume*. Immaculately neat as they manage to remain, the exercise has brought a flush to their cheeks and a brightness to their eyes. Shouts of laughter and cheery expostulations rouse the echoes of the darkening *allées*. Here there is no lack of healthy animal spirits, a little bewildering perhaps to the minds of those to whom the convent walls suggest mere suppression. Certainly they are old, these novices, to be playing ball like young

schoolgirls. But what would you? as the *Mère Economie* would say. Nature will out, and the good sisters like to see them happy. The game does not last long, however. The great clock strikes nine; *Mère Placide* comes slowly across the garden in the gathering dusk. Complete silence has already fallen upon the girls, who have grouped themselves with unconscious effect: a study in black and white against the gray statue of the Virgin where the altar stood a few short hours before. The evening hymn rises softly in the pure girlish voices. The watcher behind the privet hedge tries to catch the words, but little more than the refrain of each verse is audible:

Je vous remercie, Seigneur;
Merci, merci, mon Dieu.

Surely the good God still walks in His garden in the cool of the evening, and may accept this simple hymn of thanksgiving for a happy holiday and for the gift of His sunshine on the blessed *fête* of the Saint Sacrement.

Rose M. Bradley.

The Nineteenth Century and After.

DE SENECTUTE.

A unique and endless charm belongs to the "De Senectute" of Cicero. He tells us that the writing of the book had been so delightful that it not only removed the disagreeable incidents of Age, but made it a joyous luxury. The finest lessons of the Stoic Philosophy effloresce in that booklet. If happiness be sought within, nothing (he says) that Nature has made inevitable can be considered an evil; but he notes that while all of us wish to attain to old age, most of us grumble when we reach it. He asks in what sense the advance of time is then more rapid than it is in youth, or early manhood?

and whether age would be less disagreeable if we reached eight hundred years than it is at eighty?

How well, and with what calm persuasiveness, he deals with the charges commonly brought against Old Age—viz., that it withdraws us from active pursuits, that it makes the body feeble, that it takes away from us physical pleasures, and leads on to death—is well known to every reader of his essay. A brief epitome of his reasoning, however, may be of use to those who are not familiar with it.

Age, he admits, does withdraw us from many active employments, but

not from those of the intellect. Old people cannot do what the young accomplish, in physical action; but in mental affairs, in character and in wisdom, they may perform much more than their juniors can achieve. It was because of their age—their seniority—that the members of the Chief Council of the State were convened in what was called a "Senate." Then our memory may be strong when we are old, if it is properly exercised: and wisdom, in giving advice to others, whether as to public or private affairs, may increase with the advance of years. We should not therefore mourn when we are deprived of the bodily strength of youth. A selfish athlete may lament that he can then perform nothing as he used to do; but that complaint cannot be made by an intelligent worker with the brain, or the heart.

Cicero tells us that he wrote this essay in his eighty-fourth year, but that his physical vigor was not gone, still less was his work in the Senate-House ended: and he preferred being a young-old-man for fewer years to being an old man before his time. In looking back he had this happy retrospect that he had never denied himself to any one as a man pre-engaged, or too engrossed to see a stranger. He had learnt to enjoy what was his, while he had it; and, when it had passed from him, or left him, not to wish for its return. Besides, it could not possibly return, if he wished it. To each period of life, and to every kind of experience, something appropriate was annexed by the laws of Nature, which are never to be forgotten by us.

The course of our life is fixed, and can be run only in one way, and once only; while to every stage of it, there is something specially appropriate. He refers to the onesidedness of childhood, the aspiration of youth, and the wisdom of old age. Each and all are good in their season. Besides, if

physical vigor leaves us in age old men are not expected to show it. They are exempted from those duties which cannot be performed without it; and are not only not obliged to do what they cannot, but are not obliged to do all that they can. Some things we cannot do, not because we are old, but because of physical illness. But illness is not peculiar to old age, and both mind and body, alike in youth and age, require fit nourishment, and exercise; else—as lamps without oil—they go out. Then it is to be noted that a young man may be worthy of admiration if there is something of the old man in him; and similarly the aged deserve honor if they retain something of the spirit of youth. If we aim at this, while we grow old in body, in mind we never will; and, if we keep up our intellectual activity in the midst of advancing years, we do not perceive the approach of age, when it steals upon us.

Then, Age is to be honored by us if it lessens our love for the pleasures of the senses, which must still remain with us, but are wisely moderated more and more; while friendship takes the place of conviviality, and we live together for the sake of good fellowship, and not for the vulgar enjoyments of the table. He was thankful to old age for increasing his love of, and desire for, conversation; and for lessening his relish for eating and drinking.

In addition, he tells us that his love of Agriculture, the delights of farming—appreciating and dealing with the Earth in its productiveness—the rearing of crops and vines, husbandry of all sorts, gardening and flower-culture; that all these were a veritable joy to his old age. He thought that Agriculture might be a special delight to old men; and that every one might take part in it; working with their own hands—as even Cyrus did—to secure

and increase its efficiency. In a charming subsection he enlarges on this, asking to be excused for his garulous praise of it; and giving many choice instances from the past to show how agriculture, and the joys of country life, had gladdened the men of other days.

Next, there are certain influences which Old Age comes to wield, and the consequent honor paid to it, which should not be overlooked. Many faults cling to it, which are not there by right; fretfulness, fidgetiness, ill-temper, and avarice; but they are present in us only *de facto*, not *de jure*. They are the faults of character, not of the time of life, and they admit of some excuse. But what can be more absurd, or even contradictory, than avarice in old age? What can be more foolish than to wish more journey-money, when there is less of life's journey to be taken?

Then, there is the certainty and speedy arrival of Death which torments so many people. But what a dullard he must be who has not learned, during his life, that this is not a thing to be feared. If the event of death extinguishes the soul, it is to be disregarded. If it only sets the soul free, it is to be welcomed and desired. Death is the appropriate ending of life; and the best joys of old age are the memories left by life before death comes. If it be according to Nature that we should die, why should we regret it? Why not be as mariners sighting land, full of gladness and expectancy at the end of a long voyage?

But some may say: why then not end life at once? and get to the destined haven, before the vessel sails slowly into it? But no. The date of our arrival is not for us to determine. God has arranged it. The laws of Nature, which are his laws, have settled it. It is ours to acquiesce. To have an easy mind as to our death is a lesson

which youth should learn before age is reached, and which our manhood ought fully to master; else there can be no successful work, or progress, in life.

Then, said the aged Cicero—drawing his "*De Senectute*" to a close—I don't see what should hinder me from giving you my own opinions as to death, which seems to me to be clearer, the nearer I approach it. I believe that our fathers—illustrious men and dearest friends—still live, and have a better life than this of ours, that once was theirs. Besides, so long as we are shut up within the body we do laborious work, assigned to us for a time. Our souls, which are of celestial origin, are buried for a season in these bodies on the earth. They live here in a region which is opposed to their divine origin, and alien to their immortality. They are descended from another source, from the universal divine Essence and Intelligence. I used to be taught what Socrates said on the immortality of man about the very last day of his life: and I believe, from the quick movements of the soul, its keen memory of the past, its forecast of the future, its vast knowledge, and its discoveries, that it cannot be mortal. Besides, the soul is indivisible; and, if it cannot be divided, it cannot perish. And again, when we learn things with speed in infancy, we are surely not learning them for the first time; we are recollecting them by memory. But it is when freed from all bodily admixture that the soul becomes truly wise; and then, as in sleep, we reveal ourselves. We are also able to forecast the future; and this shows us what we may expect, when we are quite free from the fetters of the body. The clear bright soul sees that when it dies it is about to start for a higher realm.

I confess that I do not understand this life, nor do I regret having been in

this world; but I look on my departure as the leaving of an inn, not as the going away from my home.

Thus ended the essay on Old Age by the distinguished Latin statesman and philosopher, Cicero.

After this ever-memorable treatment of it there was no discussion of the subject in Roman literature, so inspiring or helpful to posterity. Nor was there anything written upon it by the mediaeval schoolmen, or the modern English and French essayists more adequate for all time. I do not refer to suggestions brought forward by philosophers or divines, as to the continuance of life under happier conditions than the present, to reasoned arguments on the subject of the immortality of the soul; but to essays and addresses on the period of Old Age, as compared with that of Youth and Manhood, with the consolations of experience, rather than of hope, superadded. Doubtless there are many allusions to the subject in the discussions of the rarely erudite schoolmen in the centuries of their pre-eminence, and in the homilies of the Greek and Latin Churchmen; while we have an essay, full of wise aphorisms, by Lord Bacon entitled "Of Youth and Age," and one by Emerson on "Old Age"; but it seems strange that the subject has not been oftener dealt with on the lines in which Cicero presented it.

I do not presume to offer a new "De Senectute"—on the ancient lines—or to write a modern one that is fully adequate. It may be possible, however, to reach one or two fresh points of view, from which the outlook is satisfactory, if not absolutely clear; and in this—as in so many other matters—the poets help us, quite as much as the philosophers or the theologians.

No one has written better on the subject than Robert Browning, who in the first lines of his "Rabbi Ben Ezra"

strikes the key-note of all our modern thought on the subject:

Grow old along with me!
The best is yet to be,
The last of life, for which the first
was made:
Our times are in His hand
Who saith "A whole I planned,
Youth shows but half; trust God: see
all nor be afraid!"

He notes our kindredness "To that which doth provide and not partake, effect and not receive." If "Nearer we hold of God Who gives, than of His tribes that take," we may surely

welcome each rebuff
That turns earth's smoothness rough,
Each sting that bids nor sit nor stand
but go.

He finds comfort in the paradox that our life succeeds "in that it seems to fail." What he "aspired to be, and was not," comforts him; and the test he proposes to the body is this: How far can it project the soul on its lone way? Although, in the present life, the soul does not "help flesh more . . . than the flesh helps soul," he now summons age "to grant youth's heritage"; so that he may

pass, approved
A man, for aye removed
From the developed brute; a god
though in the germ.

But it is only when youth is ended, that we can try our gain or loss thereby.

Leave the fire ashes, what survives is
gold . . .
Young, all lay in dispute; I shall know,
being old.

He now feels that all he could never be, all that men ignored in him, that he was worth to God. The entire dance of mundane circumstance is just machinery meant to give our souls

their bent, to "try them and turn them forth sufficiently impressed." And so, if Age in its retrospect approves of Youth, our death will complete the same.

All this is wrought out by Browning even more completely in his "Abt Vogier." It lies at the very heart of his "La Sasias." It is the pivot round which "Christina," "Evelyn Hope," and "The Last Ride Together" turn. But there are other grounds on which we may "summon age to grant youth's heritage," as Browning put it.

One of the best things not easily learnt in youth is to know what we can do without; and be no losers by the want of it, but gainers on the whole. In our earlier years, and during adolescence, it is natural to wish to accumulate all sorts of things, and equally natural to wish to retain what we possess. This almost universal desire is not only laudable, it is necessary. It is the spur to all endeavor. At this stage even the collecting mania has its temporary uses for all of us. We hunger to obtain what others do not possess, what is valuable and commercially rare, perhaps even priceless. Without the slightest taint of miserliness, we may have the occasional joy of contemplating what became ours, with the thousand happy associations of our collecting days. But a time comes when this desire has spent itself; and, as the collecting passion dies away, the collector comes to feel (if not to say) *Cui bono?* What boots it all this toil? What is the gain? and who is the gainer? Or, he may give up one kind of collecting for another. He may renounce china-ware for pictures, or ancient coins for books; and perhaps one class of books is sent to the hammer in the collector's lifetime, in order that he may concentrate more closely on another set, or become the belated proprietor of a sole existing copy. The collecting maniac may find that a par-

ticular book is out of his reach; but this only whets his appetite for further efforts, in auction-rooms, or by correspondence, similar to those which incite the natural-history specialists in their latest craze. This too may go on for a time, but at length the lesson—the superlative lesson—is learned by the wise, that treasures external to us are for ever changing; that the possessions which endure are all within, and that the best thing we can say to ourselves in reference to the former is, "What amongst them can we do without?" Not that our old collections—the gathered riches of past years—are now disesteemed. But they are surrendered to others, transferred to them by gift or purchase, and the owner, who was accustomed to call them his own, feels a new proprietorship in being disencumbered of outward possessions. To have a minimum is now preferred to being endowed with a maximum; and the divine paradox is gradually understood—and cheerfully acquiesced in—"having nothing, and yet possessing all things."

It would seem that the true nature of possession cannot be fully learnt until old age is reached, and that is just when it is about to be laid down. We then see that what we have was always changing, that it was never the same to us for a year, or a month, or a day, or an hour; but that—while external possessions vanish—we may possess the more because of that very loss. The German motto, which suggested one of the great pictures of George Frederick Watts, "What I spent, I had; what I saved, I lost; what I gave, I have," contains within it one of the profoundest truths, which may be stated thus in simpler words. We must give away, in order that we may retain.

But I am not writing a homily. I am only trying to state an ethical truth, and to explain a moral paradox. In

the light of many sayings of the Stoics, and of the scribes of all ages, I maintain that to know what we can do without is one of the most joyous lessons of age. It enables one to rise unencumbered, that he may meet and fulfil the duties of the hour, without a thought of amassing anything; but rather of parting with what he has, to bestow it upon others. I maintain that the latter is a more joyous experience than the former, and that it may be defended on eudæmonistic or utilitarian grounds; that it is the outcome of what is now the fashion to call a wise collectivism, while the former is individualistic, but unwisely selfish; and I place it amongst the benign lessons of old age, which it is very hard to learn in youth or manhood.

Allied to this there is a new sense of proportion in our estimate of things, which we may gain in Age. Things, as well as persons, drop into their right relationships one with another, when they are seen more truly as they are, down the vistas of the past; as well as when they are stripped of illusion, under the burning light of the present. It is not only that there are reversals of former judgment; but that what once seemed of immense importance—things which no one could do without, which were almost a necessity of existence—are readjusted in relation to us; while their absence, or their presence, is seen to be of very little real moment. And this experience is reached without a touch of cynicism, or of pessimism in our judgments. It is quite true that the old illusion of things being necessary to us was one of the noblest springs of action in youth. As already stated, it was a constant spur to fresh endeavor, in laying up a store against the possible wants of the future. But with the new wisdom of age there is a fresh knowledge of the needlessness of hoarding.

An experience little known in youth,

but with which Age becomes familiar, is the joy of seeing others accomplish what we have failed to achieve. The delight of contemplating their success, and admiring it, is one of the most radiant experiences of life. In youth and maturity one wished to accomplish so much oneself, that there was not time to contemplate the work of others with a genuinely sympathetic eye. In the springtime of one's own humanity that could not be. But in old age, to witness the dawn of new achievements, to see fresh discoveries in germ, to become increasingly aware of the latent possibilities of our race, and to have a joyous forecast of the progress of humanity, is a delight superior to almost all that youth and maturity brought us.

Then, there is a peculiar and quite special joy in nature, which is the heritage of Old Age; not only an insight into it, but a fellowship with it, which is more intense, discerning, restful, ecstatic even, than the joy of youth. A great poet has developed the contrast between the two states of experience, in words which bear repetition a hundred times. Referring to his youthful joy he wrote:

Nature then
(The coarser pleasures of my boyish
days,
And their glad animal movements all
gone by)
To me was all in all.—I cannot paint
What then I was. The sounding cata-
ract
Haunted me like a passion: the tall
rock,
The mountain, and the deep and
gloomy wood,
Their colors and their forms, were
then to me
An appetite; a feeling and a love,
That had no need of a remoter charm,
By thought supplied, nor any interest
Unborrowed from the eye.—That time
is past,
And all its aching joys are now no
more,

And all its dizzy raptures. Not for this
Faint I, nor mourn nor murmur; other gifts
Have followed; for such loss, I would believe,
Abundant recompense. For I have learned
To look on nature, not as in the hour
Of thoughtless youth; but hearing oftentimes
The still, sad music of humanity,
Nor harsh nor grating, though of ample power
To chasten and subdue. And I have felt
A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man;
A motion and a spirit, that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things.

I maintain that the joy of Old Age in nature may be more intense and far-reaching than that of youth, because it is a selfless joy. One is drawn into sympathy with the opening leaves and flowers and buds, far more than used to be the case in our earlier years, when the leaves and buds were opening within our own personality. Now, in the autumn of our physical existence, and when its winter is approaching, there need be no autumnal sadness with it, nor any "winter of our discontent" because of it. On the contrary, a new sense of property may be felt in the flower and the leaf, in the stream, the hill and the sky, in the birds and animals around us; while there is no kind of personal ownership in any of them. One gets to love all lovable things more intensely—passionately, yet dispassionately—feeling that while they

are not ours, we have property in them all; and so we come round again by a fresh pathway to the experience of having nothing, and yet possessing all things.

A friend accompanied the legal owner of a great Scottish forest through a part of it, and found that he had no appreciation of the place except as a game-preserve. He was inclined to wonder at the enthusiasm of his visitor, who cared so much for what the proprietor nick-named "mere scenery." The appreciation, or at least the explicit mention, of its charm was evidently considered "bad form"; but all of a sudden, when resting at a spot where mountain, lake and river were yielding a rare apocalypse of beauty, the owner said to his bewildered friend: "You are the true proprietor. I own it but in name. I only hold the title-deeds."

These are, however, exceptional though not rare experiences. A far commoner one is the gladness which a garden may yield in age, when each flower becomes companionable, and their unfailing succession "all the year round" is an unwearied delight; not when they are gathered, but when they are left where they are, to be seen by, and to gladden others. What a relief from untoward or rough humanity a garden is! We even come to thank the uncongenial people who drive us to nature, to be refreshed and exhilarated by it; nature which does not disappoint us, but is ever "true and beautiful and good." How much do the unconscious plants and animals do for us, then and there? It may be, as a poet put it:

And 'tis my faith that every flower
Enjoys the air it breathes.

But the reflex enjoyment it conveys to mankind enhances the charm which universal nature ceaselessly bestows.

Another thing to be noted is that

youth has no such memory as Age has. It cannot have it, for experience has not yet amassed its stores, and it cannot therefore yield us the treasures which we gather by recollection in Age. The power of reminiscence, which can bring back the life of friends long dead, which can revive the memories and examples of the past, the "goodly company" of those whom we have known—and the ability to live our old experiences over again, in happy retrospect—is not that a gain of the first magnitude? If it has no treasury of outward things, a serene Old Age may surely have a nobler ownership in these possessions, laid up in the store-houses of joyous memory. They cannot be taken from it; and thus Age can live over and over again what youth and maturity enjoyed. What is the use of regretting the departure of experiences, which can be recalled by vivid memory, re-embodied, and thus re-experienced, any more than of wishing the impossible return of our departed youth?

Here again the poets have taught us the rare blessings of this kind of memory. What finer lines were ever written than those, in which Wordsworth tells us that allegoric bards have likened memory to "a pen to register" and a key to "wind through secret wards"; but that

As aptly, also, might be given
A Pencil to her hand;
That, softening objects, sometimes
even
Outstrips the heart's demand;

That smoothes foregone distress, the
lines
Of lingering care subdues,
Long-vanished happiness refines,
And clothes in brighter hues.

And he adds:

O! that our lives, which flee so fast,
In purity were such,

That not an image of the past
Should fear that pencil's touch!

Retirement then might hourly look
Upon a soothing scene,
Age steal to his allotted nook
Contented and serene;

With heart as calm as lakes that sleep,
In frosty moonlight glistening;
Or mountain rivers, where they creep
Along a channel smooth and deep,
To their own far-off murmurs listening.

Next, there is the converse of this—though not its opposite—viz., the blessed power of forgetfulness which age brings to us, the power of forgetting those alien elements which may have entered into our past experience, the disturbing and distracting things of our earlier life. Much fades of necessity. Our past grows dim, if we outlive it; and it often requires an effort to recall it. We may be glad for the effacement of much. But the presence of the tablets with their inscriptions effaced, the sight of the "clean slate" before us, can only be unwelcome, when its inscriptions were not good or happy ones. We may be thankful for the power of forgetfulness, which enables us actively to accomplish more—when the past is buried in oblivion, and we obtain "sweet absolution and release"—quite as much as for the power of reminiscence, which enables us to recall in "a wise passiveness" what once was ours.

Another point is this. In Old Age almost all our judgments of men and things, of character and conduct, are modified. They assume more just proportions. The acrimony that once entered into our verdict is softened; while our allegiance to the principles which were reached in youth, and confirmed by maturity, remains. It becomes tempered by the wisdom of a later and more gracious experience.

In addition, all the experiences which connect us with things external are

changed, and some of them glorified. Our very senses—those channels of communication with the outer world—are refined. Not only the higher senses of sight and sound—and with them our appreciations of the Beautiful through the eye and the ear—are elevated and etherealized; but the lower ones of taste and touch are no longer “of the earth earthy.” They attain to a delicacy and ethereality which they never possessed in youth.

Well: if there is a time in which it is good to feel that we are young, and have life before us, with its untrdden paths, and immense latent possibilities; there is also a time to acquiesce with gladness in the fact that we are old, and that others must do the work which we have failed to accomplish. When this stage is reached, both our retrospect and prospect assume, as we have seen, new phases. It is a commonplace to say that all wise men try to adjust their relationships to the past and to the future some time before they see that they must leave this world. A sermon was once preached, by a distinguished Erastian, from the text: “Set your house in order.” He discussed the subject thus: “In the first place, pay your debts. In the second, insure your life; and in the third place, make your will.” This worldly-wise advice may perhaps not carry us very far along those tracks which our higher consciousness is fain to traverse; but it will certainly give composure of spirit—if it be followed—to any one, however poor, if he feels that he owes no man anything, that his life is properly insured, and that he has finally settled his affairs. These things being done, so much space is cleared, and is open for further and loftier outlook.

Then, in Age it is surely easier than it was in youth to overcome the temperamental disease of fussing over trifles; and is not that one of its genuine blessings? It is true that some per-

sons continue to practise this habit when they are old. But usually in Age we let trifles alone. We say: What does it matter? If bad temper and passion are useless, excitement over little things is nearly as bad; and the calm which Age naturally brings, is surely one of the richest fruits we can then ingather.

Nothing need be said of such well-known pleasures in Old Age as those of varied reading, and the friendship of good books. These have been mentioned by many writers, notably by Southey in his well-known lines beginning:

My days among the dead are passed.

But, having in previous paragraphs alluded to the joys of retrospect, there are still those of prospect to be recorded and noted. The anticipation of meeting his friends in another sphere of existence gave to Cicero his special outlook in Old Age. It was not to him—(this is our modern inheritance)—the prospect of the completion of what in this life is defective, and full of flaws: but it was a confident belief that his dead friends survived, that he would converse with them again, and have more varied fellowship than he had hitherto experienced. This gave a distinctive character to all his soliloquies on the future, and enabled him to contemplate his own departure from the world with more than contentment.

We are advised by some persons never to think of Death, because the forecast of its inevitableness will interfere with our tranquillity; and may produce uneasiness, while it is sure to lessen our serenity. But this is just what its realization need never do. From the aphorism of a great modern philosopher that “the wise man thinks of nothing so little as of his own death,” we may dissent entirely; or agree with it only when we have thought so much that our thinking has transfigured it.

On the contrary the tranquil contemplation of the close of life may certainly give fresh energy to work, and add to its enjoyment while it lasts. Many are accustomed during life to look frequently at the little spot of earth where they hope their dust will lie, without a touch of sorrow or regret; as the devout Hebrews thought, and spoke, of being "gathered to their fathers" in the same burial-place. A modern artist and poet used to say that to think of the empty room, and the forsaken things of which he now made use, was his best antidote to care; and that such "prospecting" gave him both strength and calm.

On the occasion of his father's death, Ruskin wrote: "I find a curious thing, that natural sorrow does not destroy strength, but gives it—while an irregular out-of-the-way avoidable sorrow kills—according to its weight"; and few of our recent seers talked more tranquilly of the severances that were inevitable. He was consoled, not only by the hope of greater achievements in store for humanity, but also by the prospect of the survival of individual life. He said more than once that merely "to join the choir invisible" (as George Eliot had put it, in noble lines) and to believe in the triumphs of a loftier coming race (as J. A. Symonds put it, in equally noble ones) was not enough for him; without the persistence, continuity, and development of the individual.

In what remains I do not raise the question of the grounds of belief in a future life, the evidence in support of it, which requires a volume for its adequate discussion. I only state what the presence of the belief may do for Old Age, both to lighten its burdens and to make its outlook tranquil; more especially if the expectation of posthumous existence is coupled with belief in pre-existence.

If we have the prospect of survival,

what is there in the stroke of death more extraordinary or alarming than is the accident of birth? What is there in the act of dying to cause alarm, if it is only an incident in our journey, preparatory to a change of residence? We have passed through scores of changes already—transitions, all of them—because we are changing within and without, every moment that we live. Why then should any one particular change disquiet us? If we are not now mere "dust and ashes," an aggregate of atoms, "magnetic mockeries"—in which case our dissolution would be our destruction—why, and how, should we ever become such? And if death is sometimes terrible, surely life is oftener more terrible. But it is only the manifestations of life, which begin to be in time and space upon this planet, that exhibit these changes. If the life itself pre-existed them, it will necessarily survive them. Although they disappear, it cannot do so. And what, it may be asked, is there to fear in the way of loss? We have all already lost much phenomenally, in the manifestations of body and spirit. We are always losing both, thus "dying daily"; but we experience renewal, reintegration, every moment in the continuity of experience; and what is to hinder this continuance, when the body goes to pieces? Here and now, our mental and our bodily life are conjoined, and co-efficient. The one is aided by the other, at times disturbed; and again, it finds it "something between a hindrance and a help." But it does not follow that the two are absolutely dependent on one another, and that the former must cease with the latter. More especially if the essential part of each of us—the *ego* within—did not begin to be when we first appeared in the flesh, then we are (in our inmost selves) independent of space and time; not unaffected by the changes which occur in them, but un-

suppressed and unconquered by them.

It is impossible to unfold, in these pages, the evidence on which this rests; but it is easy to see that, if the belief is rational, death is not the ending of our existence, that our individuality does not then come to a standstill, and that the renunciation of that individuality is not the goal of the blessed life which the Buddhist considers it. If, as the Aristotelians teach more wisely, life consists in energy—the energy of individuality—and if that energy is never perfected within mundane limits, what more natural than to infer its continuance and development elsewhere? And if so, it will be seen to be wholly foolish and unnatural to regret Age or to dread our coming decease; as foolish and unnatural as to regret the changes of the seasons, or to dread the act of falling asleep.

The Academy.

What a great poet called the "Intimations of Immortality" may assuredly arise out of the "Recollections of Childhood," and then "the thought of our past years" may breed, as he put it, "perpetual benediction"; but if we pre-existed the present, and if it is only an infinitesimally small part of an existence which has absolutely no date or boundary before or after—which our earthly birth in time or space did not create, but has only disclosed in a transient apocalypse—we will come to regard our departure as the commencement of new experience; while we feel that to live longer here would be to become usurpers, taking the place of those more fit to fill the posts we occupy, and to carry on the work of the world.

William Knight.

THE MESSAGE OF CHRISTMAS.

I dreamed that I walked in darkness; under a starless sky, I stumbled over unknown ground. Then a soft warm hand of a child was put in mine; I yielded to his touch, and glad of any guidance, I followed where the child-hand drew me. As I yielded, stars broke forth in the sky, and presently the saffron tints of dawn broke over earth and sky; the stars sank before the fuller light of day: all the sweet colors of grass, flowers and trees, and rivers and hills, were disclosed. I walked in a renovated world: my path became plain; I seemed to draw from my companion something of his nature; a quiet trust gave me calmness; impatience and fret of soul passed away from me; and then joy as of a child passed into my spirit.

My dream was unlike other dreams; it was not mere fancy of the slumbering spirit: it was the assurance of a

spirit for the first time awake; and I remembered Him who put a little child in the midst and said, "Except ye be converted and become as little children." I knew that darkness and dissatisfaction must be the lot of those who lack the child-heart, and I thought me of the many ways in which the child-heart is taken away from us and we are defrauded of our birthright as children in God's great kingdom. I thought of the causes which bring darkness over the sky and shut out the light of heaven. I thought of fashion, of the tyranny of evil customs, and disproportionate ambitions, and above all of the false belief which betrays so many and robs them of happiness—viz., the belief that felicity can be secured by the possession of things, when it rather lies in the true possession of ourselves. And thinking of these things I knew how truly Christ

spake when He said, "Except ye be converted and become as little children."

Childhood is the message of Christmas: Christ as a child is standing appealingly among the sons of men; His eyes alight with the light of heaven; His voice, simple and sincere, speaking the messages of His Father; His steps going forward in the way of right, which is the eternal highway of the Kingdom of God.

Childhood is the message of Christmas, and happy will those be who hear the voice of the Child Christ, and learn the deep and wondrous wisdom which fell in sweet simplicity and matchless depth of meaning from His lips. He did not speak enigmas, though he spake in parables. He enfolded spiritual principles in story form, and so they became possessed of everlasting currency, outlasting many bodies of divinity—

Our little systems have their day,
They have their day and cease to
be—

but the words of the Lord of the Eternal Kingdom outlast our systems; for He is the life of the whole, and more than they.

Well may we turn over the simple stories He told, and as children seek to understand their message. Five of His parables have been illustrated by a great and widely popular English painter. If we put them in order, we must speak of the "sower" first; for of this parable Christ said, "If ye know not this parable, how then will ye know all parables?" He seemed to speak of it as though it struck the key-note of divine teaching, or held the cypher which might make plain the spiritual order. The sower soweth the seed. It is his duty to sow; he is responsible for scattering it far and wide; he is not responsible for its failure or success. Certainly here lies wis-

dom. The man who will make no effort unless he is assured of success will never win. The art of success is the taking of risks; the duty of life is to seek good and ensue it. Duties are ours; results lie in other hands.

The fortune of the seed was fourfold. Falling on the highway, it never penetrated the soil: falling on soil which was rocky, it had a quick success, but lacking depth of earth, the quick success was only the prelude of rapid failure; the fruit withered away: falling on ground already occupied, the fruit was strangled as it grew: falling on good and free soil, it sprang up and bore fruit—thirty, sixty, and even a hundredfold. The varying fortune of the seed depended on the varied quality of the soil. The thought is true. The happy epigram, the brilliant picture, the exquisite music, are not applauded or appreciated by all. How many a promising author has had to seek vainly for a publisher, and to meet, himself with humiliation and his work with rejection! The power, or mood, to appreciate is not always at hand. The sermon which rouses a holy resolution in one heart is listened to with indifference by another. The great cause of humanity or freedom does not evoke sympathy from all, and finds solid, enduring and persevering sympathy in but few. The sower soweth the seed: the great ideal, the ardent appeal, the noble enterprise, the word of God, whensoever and howsoever spoken, meets with varying fortune. The response depends on the heart of the hearer; and sometimes also on his mood. It would not be right to view the different classes of soil as describing different individuals only: they may describe differing moods of the same individual. Our hearts are sometimes wholly preoccupied, and so indifferent to the divine call. At other times we are touched with a sentimental interest in good things; we weep

over the sorrows of fiction; we are moved by the tale of human need; we feel the strivings of a spiritual sympathy with heavenly things. Or again, we are possessed by the mood of an accommodating utilitarianism; we recognize the place of the things of God, but we must be practical; common sense, we tell ourselves, must hold its own, lest we should be righteous overmuch. But we are deceiving ourselves: what we call common sense is not common sense but worldliness: two incompatible growths are being encouraged in our lives, and we know which will prevail. The thorns will grow up and choke the good seed. Only when our heart and mood are in harmony with the divine, sincerely loving the good, free from fatal sentiment or fatal worldliness, ready to surrender ourselves unreservedly to good and to God in every good, will the full and unstinted harvest spring into golden fruit.

The influence of the moods of our hearts on good things is spoken of in the story of the sower. Moods change, and the heart which is irresponsible to good to-day may vibrate to its appeal to-morrow. Care and the preoccupations of mind which spring from life's manifold cares may dull our moral susceptibilities or our capacity for free sympathy with good and great causes. We are not bad or morally dead because our moods are less exalted at one time than at another. But yet, moods have a power of returning; they may gain ascendancy over us; they may grow like the faint and almost imperceptible film which first dims and finally obscures the sight: moods are influences, and become formative of character, and when the character loses all power of response to good, character has become poor indeed and may tend to become fixed in barrenness and in lovelessness. Thus when some supreme moment comes, in which all the faculties for good should be awake,

the character is found wanting. The love of the higher and better is inert or powerless; the soul, wrapt in dreams of worldly things, is unready, and the doors of light are closed against it. The oil has been burnt up; the lamp's flame is dwindle to its last expiring flicker; the first hasty movement of the hand to snatch up and carry the lamp would extinguish the flame altogether. The sympathy with good needs to be cherished: love, pure and generous as Christ's love, needs to be cherished. The two parables told in St. Matthew (ch. xxv.) throw light on one another. The five foolish virgins who have slumbered wake to find that their lamps are going out, and they are unprepared to meet the Bridegroom; but those who find themselves at the left hand of the Judge were so sunk in selfish worldliness that they could not recognize the divine Bridegroom when they saw Him. He was hungry and they gave Him no meat; thirsty and they gave Him no drink. He tells them that they were blind to the divine appeal because they were loveless. What need then for us to watch our moods, and keep the holy power of sympathy with good alive; to cultivate the spirit of Christ, to cherish all impulses towards right and all aspirations heavenward, lest our lower moods should become fixed, our character debased, and in the supreme moment when the divinest love was near we should make the discovery that we were morally unable to follow Christ, for "our lamps were going out."

The parable of the Good Samaritan is the obverse of the parables in Matthew xxv. It tells us of the unspoilt heart of simple love. The Samaritan stands in contrast to the Priest and the Levite. The Priest averts his glance from human need and passes by on the other side; the Levite, more brutal and more frankly cruel, gazes on the fallen man and passes on

leaving him to his fate. The Samaritan is moved with compassion, and compassion so absorbs him that his action is courageous: he forgets his own safety, and he stays his progress on the robber-infested road, which most people traversed in haste and fear; he gives all patient attention to the wounded man; he places him on his own beast: he is content to delay his journey and postpone his own concerns. His kindness is marked by thoroughness and foresight. He brings him to a place of safety and takes measures to ensure for the sufferer the completest care: he not only leaves money with the innkeeper, but he is ready to be responsible for future cost: "Take care of him, and whatsoever thou spendest more, when I come again I will repay thee." Here is seen Heaven's spirit of love—a love which is spontaneously kind, courageous, patient, and thorough. Here is the spirit to which Christ led the man who asked "What shall I do to inherit eternal life?" Here is the true spirit of life—the spirit which was in Christ and which must be shared by all who would enter into life.

Two parables remain. One tells us of the coin which was lost; the other of the son who went astray. The coin was lost through carelessness; the son was lost through wilfulness; but both are sought by the love which is jealous

of its own and thrifty enough to take trouble to recover what is lost. The woman will upset her house to find the lost piece of silver: with a light in her hand she will scrutinize every corner. The father cannot deal in the same way. The woman can take active measures; the father can only wait till the son has come to himself—till he has tasted the fruit of his doings: this is the harder task for love. Love longs to be up and doing; but where human souls are in question, love has often to restrain her eager hand, and to wait in sad patience till experience has taught lessons which self-will and pride can learn from no other master. The two parables, therefore, show us love in her active, and, love in her waiting mood: love equal to all things, bearing all things, believing all things, hoping all things. Here are the pictures of the highest love: of the love which came and sought mankind, and of the great pitying, aching love which can so patiently wait for the return of the human heart to itself. It is in these ways that God wants our love, seeks for our love, waits for our love. Again at Christmastime love knocks at our doors. Shall not love rejoice? Shall not the heart of the child come back to us, that love rejoicing may say, "This my son was dead and is alive again; he was lost and is found".

W. B. Ripon.

Pall Mall Magazine.

THE CRIMINAL RAT.

The Danes, who spare no trouble to protect their important butter industry, have lately undertaken a national campaign against rats. This has been done partly as a precaution against plague breaking out in their seaports, and partly because butter-tubs are particularly attractive to rats; for there is nothing more disgusting than

the thought that these filthy animals may have been in contact with so absorbent and easily tainted an article of food.

In England, on the other hand, no concerted effort is made to check the rat plague. The animals are increasing everywhere, to the detriment of agriculturists, poultry-owners, game

farmers, and not less so of our native wild birds of many kinds. The percentage of linnets', bullfinches', warblers', and other nests of our smaller birds the eggs of which are eaten by rats is very large, as any one may prove who seeks for them, and watches the fate of the nests. They also act as a serious check on the increase of wild fowl, which began after the Protection Acts were passed. They prefer the eggs of wild ducks and marsh birds to any other food, and a case was lately mentioned in which the owner of a wild duck farm found thirteen ducks' eggs in the hole of one doe rat. In the month of October there is a great movement of these animals from the East Coast inland. On a shooting estate lately visited by the writer, where incessant trapping keeps them at bay, an October invasion is always expected; and as the whole property is kept carefully under observation, the direction from which they cross the frontier is well known. It is very probable that this march of the mischievous is partly due to the closure of the main herring fishery on the coasts of Norfolk and Suffolk about the time, and that the increase of the rats is not unconnected with the exceptionally large catches of herrings made during the past few seasons. The shoals of herrings have passed all previous records, and some six hundred Scotch women have been engaged in "cleaning" the fish. Sometimes the refuse is very properly saved for fish manure. But the garbage of countless numbers of herrings is thrown away, and this attracts and keeps fat the rats in the late summer and early autumn. When the source of supply grows less, the creatures move inland. In Norfolk this was aggravated a few years ago by a severe flood in parts of the fen. This drove out tens of thousands of rats from the low land to the higher ground. The plague was such

that on one estate the keepers were afraid to go to one wood at night, so numerous and bold were the creatures. It was not until after weeks of wholesale poisoning and trapping that their numbers were reduced. But they had come to stay, and several circumstances aided them in their resolution. Not the least important item in the rats' favor was the almost universal spread of pheasant preserving and pheasant rearing. If a line be drawn perpendicular to the east coast of Norfolk inland to Cambridgeshire, near Newmarket, and thence, in a slightly different direction, through Hertfordshire, it cuts one continuous succession of great pheasant preserves. On these the pheasants are supplied, often lavishly, with artificial food all the year round. The quantity of meal scattered for the young pheasants, and of Indian corn thrown out to "keep the birds at home," in the autumn and winter, is such that it makes a considerable item in the profits of local corn-dealers. It is given with the greatest regularity every day, and the rats will always have their share, coming out in the most impudent way and feeding among the pheasants. If the keepers are slack in their duty, every pheasant preserve becomes a rat preserve. On the partridge manors it is so impossible to allow the rat to increase, and to exercise its egg-stealing power in spring, that, as a rule, the vermin are kept at bay. Another factor in the dispersion and harboring of these pests is the modern plan of building the corn-stacks in the field from which the wheat has been reaped, instead of bringing it all home to the rickyard. It saves the loss of time and the expense of carting the loads to the homestead. There is also less risk of the whole harvest being destroyed by fire. But every one of these isolated stacks scattered over the face of the country makes a comfortable

winter home for rats, and a point of dispersion from which when the grain is threshed out they move out into the hedgerows and pond banks. They are particularly fond of bean-stacks, partly because the thick light bean-straw is easy to burrow in, partly because they like to eat beans. On "heavy land" farms in wet weather the rat-runs are now traceable like hare-runs on the downs, broad paths crossing the open fields and beaten flat by the animals' feet.

Almost the only places in which they do no harm, and are even useful, are the tunnels of the underground railways of London, and near the platforms of the great London termini. Passengers throw quantities of surplus food out of the windows, and the railway rats come out by night and devour it. The electrification of the District and "Circle" lines has greatly diminished the rats in those parts of underground London. They are not only very inquisitive, but naturally and habitually touch every object they come near, first with their whiskers, and then with their nose. No other mammal uses its whiskers as feelers so persistently. They are not still for a moment, but always kept in motion like a fly-fisher's rod. With "live" rails down in the tunnels, which emit the peculiar smell accompanying highly charged conductors, this inquiring habit of the rats leads them to disaster. They smell that the "live" rail is not quite like an ordinary length of steel, put their whiskers against it, and finally lay their noses on it. This causes death in a moment, the rats falling backwards, and expiring after one or two kicks.

Indifference, and not any particular difficulty in destroying them, accounts for the multiplication of the plague in the open fields, banks, preserves, and corn-stacks. Rats in such places can always be killed by poisoning them in

their burrows, and as they usually die underground, no risk is incurred after their death either from the decay of the bodies, or from other and valuable animals eating the poisoned carcases. Meal is put into the holes with a long spoon for two or three nights. Then the supply is omitted for a night, and finally poisoned meal is put in and the holes stopped outside. This is not possible in houses, or even near them; but it is very effectual in the fields, and one peculiar feature of the recent rat invasions is that they are mainly confined to the rural districts and to the open country. In towns, owing to better sanitation, and the removal of all dusthole rubbish, they have greatly diminished. It is a fact that the surroundings of ordinary London houses are enormously more clean and healthy than those of the ordinary country house, where there are no "destructors," and refuse accumulates in some corner or other, where, so long as it is out of sight, it is usually out of mind.

That there is something absolutely repulsive in the rat *per se* is partly proved by the instinctive horror in which it is held alike by men, women, children, and most other animals. Horses will often refuse to feed, and are unable to sleep if there is a rat in the stable by night. Birds of all kinds hold them in horror, except those which, like the now almost extinct buzzard, make them their principal food. A hen is quite helpless against them, and is often killed on the nest; and though a partridge would defeat a rat by day, and drive it off, it can do nothing against it at night. Rats are said to have broken up and caused the removal of the gullery from Sedge Fen at Hoveton, near Norwich, to its present secure position in the sedges of the Little Broad, where the water protects them effectually even from the most enterprising rat.

Some time ago a medical correspond-

ent of the *Spectator* wrote to draw attention to the way in which rats directly cause sickness and death by poisoning shallow wells with their decaying bodies. They are thirsty creatures, and in their eagerness to reach water fall into the wells and are drowned. Several fatal cases of so-called "septic pneumonia" were found to be due to drinking water so poisoned. That they carry plague is well known. But, in addition, they are disseminators of every kind of disease which can be conveyed into drains and from drains; for of all highways the rat loves a drain the best.

It is one of the curiosities of animal temperament that while the brown rat

is so universally detested, the closely related Alexandrian rat—the white or piebald varieties are well known in this country—is almost a favorite. It is a very quiet, docile little animal, almost affectionate in its relations with man, and constantly kept as a pet by children. It is clean and very gentle, never by any chance offering to bite, and is as intent on storing up food as if it had never forgotten the experience of its ancestors in the "lean years" when Joseph ruled under Pharaoh. It is the humblest of all domestic pets, but often quite interesting in its ways, the only drawback to its company being the close resemblance in appearance to the criminal brown rat.

The *Spectator*.

KATE GREENAWAY.*

M. Arsène Alexandre once remarked of Kate Greenaway that to his mind she appeared always as a beneficent angel who now and then visited this green earth to leave a new picture-book for children and then fly away again. We admire him for cherishing this fancy, and wish that it were still in our power to do the same; but the industrious authors of the lengthy work before us have ruined that possibility for all time, and the most charming of English delineators of babies henceforward will live in our memory as a quiet little, retiring, single lady artist of Conservative views who lived at Hampstead, rode in omnibuses, and wrote rather despondent letters about herself. We should have preferred—especially now, when her spell is broken—to dwell in a fool's paradise with the graceful French enthusiast; but the muse of biography is a stern mistress, and she dislikes little so much as a fantastic illusion. And so here are three hundred

large pages containing dates and facts and small talk, to the total exclusion of the Alexandrine angel. The pity of it; perhaps the needlessness of it! What we wanted was an essay in appreciation, with a *souvenir* of narrative and a few extracts from Ruskin's letters, as charming in its way as Miss Greenaway's own drawings, illustrated with as many of the best of those drawings as there are plates in the present volume, and reproduced with the same skill. All that matters about Kate Greenaway is her work; she might almost be said to have had no life; certainly no artist's life was more distinct from his work; and we would have kept her identity a mystery hidden beneath her beautiful name. But that is a counsel of perfection doomed to no prosperity in this biographical age, when everything will out. Kate Greenaway was a popular figure; her friends included John Ruskin; her pencil founded a school (or rather, as our authors ingeniously say, a kindergarten); hence must her life be written in

* "Kate Greenaway." By M. H. Spielmann and G. S. Layard. (A. and C. Black. 20s. net.)

detail, although all that is essential of it could be added to Sawyer late Knockemorff's annual profits without filling the glass.

Like Ann and Jane Taylor, Kate Greenaway was the daughter of an engraver who lived at Islington. She was born in 1846; had an ordinary middle-class childhood with rather more liberty than most children in that state; visited as a child at a farm in the country; received some simple schooling; studied art at Heatherley's, the Slade, and South Kensington; came unaided to her own *métier* and was first encouraged in it by Mr. W. J. Loftie; attracted popular notice in 1877; reached the summit of her vogue in the middle eighties; was taken up by the great, notably by Ruskin and Locker-Lampson; and died unmarried in 1901. For the rest one must go to her most perfect characteristic works, her "Language of Flowers," "Under the Window," "Little Ann and her Mother," and the almanacs. The essential Kate Greenaway is there.

Ruskin wrote to Miss Greenaway often and regularly in the eighties, but his letters to her show him only in a feminine and amiable mood. He rarely said anything important, and was, we feel, not altogether inspired in wishing his friend to study from the nude and paint seascapes. Certainly Miss Greenaway's work gained nothing in charm after Ruskin took her in hand. Hers was indeed a talent that needed outside criticism or stimulus less perhaps than any in the history of art. Without assistance she evolved from her own brain a formula delicate, quaint, and fascinating in its slightly archaic and formal, yet daintily fresh, simplicity. For such a craftswoman, Ruskin could do nothing. Within her narrow limits she was fully armed. His only duty was to praise and praise, and say, "Go on and never diverge." Instead he worried her for the "altogether"—pretty enough worrying, it is true, and

yet a little irritating to read; and we are very grateful to Locker-Lampson for his better instinct urging her not to be influenced wrongly. Here are a few of Ruskin's spurs:—

This cloud lady is very lovely, and you really MUST draw *her* again for me without any clothes, because you've suggested a perfect coalheaver's leg, which I can't think you meant! and you *must* draw your figures now undraped for a while—Nobody wants anatomy,—but you can't get on without Form.

I'll forgive you the pig!—but we must draw dogs a little better. And we must learn just the rudiments of perspective—and draw feet and ankles—and—a little above,—and purple and blue things—and—the sun not like a drop of sealing-wax—and then—Well—we'll do all that first, won't we?

Oh, dear, think how happy you are with all that power of drawing—and ages to come to work in and paint Floras and Norahs and Fairies and Marys and Goddesses and—bodices—oh, me, when will you do me one without any?

Ruskin also wanted Miss Greenaway to paint on glass. Here are some more general remarks from Brantwood:—

I have never told you about Villette, &c. They are full of cleverness, but are extremely harmful to you in their morbid excitement; and they are entirely third-rate as literature. You should read nothing but Shakespeare at present.

In 1883:—A great deal of the time I have lost in the mere friction of life—scarcely any sense of Peace—And no hope of any life to come. I forget it all more in the theatre than anywhere—cathedrals are no good any more!

Miss Greenaway's own letters, from which many extracts are given, are simple, talkative, and not particularly interesting. Her best expression of herself was in her drawings. We quote from her letters to Ruskin:—

Do you like the sound of things in the streets? They want to get up a society to suppress the noises—they asked me to belong and seemed to think it very funny when I said I liked them; what do you think?

I was given quite the wrong sort of body to live in, I am sure. I ought to have been taller, slimmer, and at any rate passably good looking, so that my soul might have taken flights, my fancy might have expanded. Now, if I make a lovely hat with artistic turns and twists in it, see what I look like! I see myself then as I see others in the trains and omnibuses with things sticking up over one eye. I say, Ah, there goes me! I do laugh often, as I look.

An American and his wife came to-day and bought some drawings, and the lady asked me *how much they were a dozen!*

What dismal books people do write! I have just been reading a story by Hardy called *The Woodlanders*, so spoilt by coarseness and unnaturalness.

And here, perhaps, is the best of the few personal poems from Miss Greenaway's pen which the authors quote:

It is so glorious just to say
I loved him all at once—one day—
A winter's day. Then came the

spring

And only deepened the thing.
I think it deepen'd—I'm not sure
If there was room to love you more.

Then summer followed—and my love
Took color from the skies above.
Then weeks—and months—and years
there came,

And I, well, loved on—just the same.
Then, dear, stretch out your hands—
and let me lie

Within them as I slowly die,
Then stoop your head to mine and
give—
Ah, not a kiss—or I should live.

With some of Messrs. Layard and Spielmann's opinions we are not all in agreement. We see no advantage whatever in dragging in Frère and Richter and Boutet de Monvel, more or less contemptuously, in order to exalt

Miss Greenaway's modest genius. There is no comparison possible between Richter and Kate Greenaway; they did totally different things. Richter had fun and fancy and quaint humor and a sense of German homeliness that has not been surpassed; Miss Greenaway merely drew little decorative children divinely. To deny charm to Boutet de Monvel as our authors do is surely to fail to understand his delicate powers. We are all for Kate Greenaway, but we do not wish other and greater draughtsmen to be disparaged in her company—certainly not to her gain. Her work was, within the borders of its trim parterre, as near perfection as human beings have any right to expect any artist's work to be; her radiance and sweetness are indescribable; only Blake surpassed her in the delineation of the unthinking happiness of the soul of the child. But Miss Greenaway never approached greatness or force, and that must not be forgotten; she was essentially circumscribed and superficial, a Hampstead illustrator with the mind, when she took her pencil in hand, of a happy brook or a sunlit meadow.

Exquisite things have been written about her gifts, from Ruskin and M. Chesneau to Mr. Dobson; but there should have been more rivalry still in this gentle art, and some of the best results should have wandered into this rather frigid book. At the present moment Miss Greenaway is comparatively forgotten; and as the authors have studiously omitted any reproductions of the drawings which gained her her reputation, amounting twenty years ago to something like a craze, the reader of the future, supplied only with the biography, will have great difficulty in understanding her vogue and Mr. Dobson's verses upon her special genius. For the book, though lavishly illustrated with colored plates, has taken note only of Miss Greenaway's

less known and less characteristic paintings, which, by the way, lose in value by being undated. It would have pleased us more to have seen her only at her best—even although we knew each drawing well. For

London Times.

such unfamiliar masterpieces, however, as "The Elf Ring," "Waiting," and "Spring Time" (which is sheer Botticelli tamed for the nursery) we are sincerely grateful.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

Even The Athenæum nods now and then. Witness its recent error in speaking of Vida D. Scudder as a man.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co. have undertaken a collection of the letters of the late Lafcadio Hearn, edited, with a biographical outline, by Mr. Ferris Greenslet, with the collaboration of Mrs. Hearn and of Mr. Basil Hall Chamberlain, the literary executor.

The attractive little volume in which the Macmillan Company publish Henry Arthur Jones's clever comedy, "Whitewashing Julia," will find many appreciative readers. As its title intimates, the rehabilitation of a damaged reputation is the theme; the large circle of actors introduced affords opportunity for a variety of dextrous character-drawing; the plot, though slight, is ingenious; and the satire, of course, is extremely deft.

To their "World of Art Series" A. C. McClurg & Co. add a volume on "Arts and Crafts of Old Japan," by Stewart Dick. The book is of modest scope and size and is meant as an introduction to the study of Japanese painting, color printing, sculpture and carving, metal work, keramics, lacquer and landscape gardening. Prepared with intelligence and care, and illustrated with thirty or more reproductions of

art products, it will be found more helpful than many more pretentious books.

Several changes have been recently effected in Parisian journalism. Three newspapers—*La Patrie*, *La Presse*, and *L'Echo de l'Armée*—have been sold at public auction and purchased for 650,100 francs on behalf of a syndicate of politicians, of whom MM. Méline, Nobilemaire, and Lieut.-Col. Porthmann, of the *Presse Nouvelle*, are the principal figures. M. Léon Bailby, the editor of *La Presse*, has resigned his post, and goes over to *L'Intransigeant*, which is to become an evening paper. Its policy, however, will be unchanged, and it will be directed as heretofore by Rochefort.

Under the simple and fitting title "His Life" a group of pastors in Oak Park, Illinois, present an admirable interwoven narrative of the life of Christ, in the words of the four Gospels. Their purpose has been to make accessible, at hardly more than the cost of a tract, such a harmony of the Gospel narratives as hitherto has been procurable only in somewhat expensive form. The work has been extremely well done, and the little book, although without a word of comment, throws new light upon the Divine Life by its orderly arrangement and grouping of the Gospel narratives.

"Taper Lights" is the modest title chosen by Ellen Burns Sherman for the second edition of the group of sprightly essays which were received with much appreciation when they first appeared under the name "When Love Grows Cold." Writing of such timely topics as the passion for the morbid, the nice use of language, facial expression, polite lies, and prurient fiction under such piquant headings as The Salt Lake of Literature, The Difference Between Word and Word, Between the Lines, The Devil's Fancy-Work and The Lifting of Veils in Literature, she conveys much shrewd and sensible advice in a pungent and readable style. The Gordon Flagg Co.

With heavy paper, decorated margins, and illustrations in color by Howard Pyle, Harper & Brothers have made of the collection of quaint, old-time "episodes" which James Branch Capell names "The Line of Love," a holiday volume which many will count one of the most attractive of the season. Adaptations and amplifications of the history or legend of the fourteenth, fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, the seven stories range from gay to tragic, but the strain of romance is dominant in all. The episode of "Sweet Adelais," the English gentlewoman beloved by the French hostage whom her brother guards for King Henry V, is particularly pleasing.

The Academy remarks that lovers of Rembrandt will be interested to hear of the reported sale of his house to the municipality of Amsterdam. The house, considerably altered since the seventeenth century, if not rebuilt, and standing in what is now called the Jews' quarter, is a brick and stone structure, before which there passed in Rembrandt's day the endless procession of ragged types from which he so often drew his inspiration. Here,

after his marriage with Saskia Velyenburg, he lived for two decades, a period of unwearied and successful activity, until upon the death of his wife and the loss of all his fortune he was obliged to betake himself to less sumptuous quarters and sank into obscurity.

Mr. William Henry Johnson's latest volume "French Pathfinders in North America" (Little, Brown & Co.) supplements the author's previous book on "Pioneer Spaniards in North America" by telling the story of the adventures and explorations of Cartier, Champlain, Ribau, Cavelier, Marquette, Hennepin and other gallant Frenchmen who dared the perils of the wilderness and the savages in opening up new regions to exploration and settlement. Mr. Johnson combines thoroughness and accuracy with simplicity of narrative, so that his books supply the best possible reading for young Americans by bringing to them the adventure and romance with which the history of American discovery and colonization is so rich. There are seven illustrations, reproduced from old paintings and portraits.

"The Gambler" of Katherine Cecil Thurston's latest novel is described as the impulsive, generous-hearted and beautiful daughter of an old Irish family impoverished by generations of play. Orphaned at eighteen, she marries, out of gratitude, an elderly archaeologist who has befriended her father; widowed a few years later, she plunges with the ardor of inherited taste and unappeased youth into the pleasures of the smart set into which it is her lot to fall, and after a succession of compromising adventures, wins the love of a young paragon whom his associates have dubbed "Sir Galahad." Mrs. Thurston's undeniable talent is effectively displayed in the depiction of such a heroine, and the salable qualities of

her story are obvious, whatever critics may think of its artistic or moral values. Harper & Brothers.

Of melancholy interest is "The Romance of the Milky Way," the last volume, with the exception of some familiar letters now in process of collection, which we are to receive from Lafcadio Hearn's illuminating pen. The title-essay, a description of one of the older and half-forgotten Japanese festivals, is supplemented by a group of translations from Japanese poems on the same theme: a second discusses "Goblin Poetry"; two others deal with Japanese legends; a fifth is a striking psychological study of the West Indies; and the sixth, "A Letter from Japan," bearing date August, 1904. But to many readers the most significant pages in the volume will be the twenty containing the essay called "Ultimate Questions" in which the writer voices his personal indebtedness to the work of Herbert Spencer. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Of the present craze for all sorts of reprints The Academy remarks:

We were privileged the other day to talk for a few moments to a publisher whose business has very largely consisted in the production of reprints of the English Classics; and he had a sad tale to tell. His reproductions are not now being received with that enthusiasm which either his love of English literature or his pocket demands. Only the other day the publisher was complaining that no one bought anything but reprints; now the tale has begun to show signs of change. "In fact," said our friend, "this reprint business is being overdone." And, indeed, it is enough to cast the eye down the publishers' lists, to see that nearly every publishing firm in London is engaged, as hard as it can go, in producing cheap reprints of English Classics. Some of them are good; some of

them are bad. Unfortunately, the bad ones get in the way of the good ones; and the time is no doubt at hand when somebody will invent a new form of giftbook and the reprint will die out. Already, we hear, a large and thorough scheme inaugurated lately by a firm of publishers for the reprinting in uniform volumes and with perfect texts of all the old masters of prose and verse is threatened with failure. That is a pity; the unscientific has been allowed to spring up and choke the scientific.

In his argument for "The Endless Life," Dr. Samuel McChord Crothers, Ingersoll lecturer at Harvard for the current year, emphasizes especially "the attitude of the ethical idealist, the man who is inspired by the passion for human perfection, towards immortality"; urges that "It is not the weakness of selfishness, it is the soldierly spirit, that makes him at the utmost verge of the earthly life long for new opportunity," and points out that "many a man who would not claim immortality for himself, yet reverently recognizes in another greater than himself 'the power of an endless life'; argues that "the stupendous fact is the existence of a living will," and that "a universe out of which there emerges a living will cannot be purposeless"; admits "the instinct to be a true one which insists that immortality belongs to the sphere of revealed religion"; but casts aside "the old antithesis between Natural and Revealed religion" and prefers to say "There is an eternal revelation of Truth. Its organ is personal consciousness." Dr. Crothers writes with a dignity befitting his theme, but with a clearness of language and illustration which will be acceptable to a wide range of readers. His use of quotations is especially effective. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

